THE GREATEST NATIONAL WEEKLY NEWSPAPER IN THE UNITED STATES

TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE

CIRCULATION LAST WEEK: 181,000
Sample Copies sent free to any address

FOUNDED IN 1836. TOLEDO, OHIO, THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908. VOL. LXXIII, NO. 4.

Mexican Indians on Warpath

Hermosillo, Mexico, Jan. 11.—Totally nknown to the outside world, a state war exists in Mexico today, guerrilla ar of the most cruel and vindictive ind, that in the last 12 months has eas- cost the lives of 500 Mexican citi- ns, many of them rich and prominent, t to mention the destruction of a huge tal of property, and which the gov- rnment and the army has thus far been tally unable to stamp out.

It is the last fight of what is left of e once powerful tribe of Yaqui In- ans, made desperate by the action of e Mexican military forces in taking to captivity hundreds of their men, omen and children, and who are re- liating upon the Mexicans wherever e of the hated nationality can be und.

They are operating throughout a re- on of ranches and mines that embrace- probably two-thirds of the area of e state of Sonora, and the territory is wide and wild and their movements rapid that such a thing as an open nflict is out of the question. The best e soldiers can do is to pursue the flee- g bands when word is received that me unusual atrocity has been commit- d. Occasionally the soldiers are am- shed and many of them killed.

There has been hostility between the aquis and the government for 15 years, t the present struggle began when esident Diaz, finally losing patience, dered all the Indians that could be unded up deported to the remote terri- ry of Quintana Roo, which was for- erly a part of the state of Yucatan, is nearly 2,000 miles from the Yaqui untry, and there is no hope of any of e deported Indians ever returning to eir native land, as most of the journey is to be made by sea. In executing this der, many Indians who were looked on as belonging to the peace faction of e tribe were deported, families were oken up, wives were separated from eir husbands and children torn from eir parents.

The object in making this wholesale deporation was to cut off the source of supplies from the warring members of the tribe. It is claimed that the so-called peaceable Indians worked upon the ranches and the railroads and obtained money which they expended in the purchase of arms and ammunition and food supplies for the Yaquis in the mountains. More than two thousand Yaquis have been sent to Quintana Roo territory during the last 12 months and there are several hundred now corralled at Guaymas waiting the arrival of the government boat to carry them to the distant land.

The Indians remaining here are the reckless, dare-devil young bucks of the tribe, who, imbued with a sense of bitter injustice, propose to hold their mountain fastnesses and make the Mexicans pay dearly for their treatment. It is the same kind of a hopeless and desperate fight that cost the lives of Custer and so many other gallant American soldiers in the Indian campaigns in the western states, and the ultimate result will, of course, be the same.

How many there are of the warriors is a matter of speculation. A few years ago the tribe numbered fully 10,000. At least 5,000 have been deported or killed, and anywhere from 2,000 to 5,000 are left in the mountains to fight for what they believe are their rights, and for revenge. They ask and give no quarter.

Although several Americans have been killed by the Yaquis in the past year, they have made it known that they are not intentionally harming Americans. Their country is now perfectly safe for an American to travel through alone. But it is dangerous for an American to be accompanied by an escort of Mexican troops.

The state of Sonora is one of the richest of all the Mexican states in mines and minerals, and there are thousands of Americans scattered through it engaged in mining ventures. It borders on Arizona, lying between the Gulf of California and the main ridge of the Sierra Madre mountains, and has a population of upwards of 225,000. The Yaqui country to the east of Hermosillo is a vast network of mountains.

ORROWED PRAIRIE HOME

oman's Experience in Holding Down a Western Claim.

Fort Worth has as her guest a woman ho has given such demonstration of grit, termination and independence as but w women can lay claim to. She is Mrs. ceppa Rymus, and she is indulging in bit of an outing and a visit to a daugh- here, after spending sixteen lonesome nths on a quarter section claim near dge City, Kan.

"About two years ago I decided I would k out a claim in Kansas and went to dge City and from there out about venteen miles and settled on 160 acres. had only a small amount of money and s income and didn't know just how I ould get along," said Mrs. Rymus. "A mily living about two and one-half les off had added onto their house and d not need a little room they had used ore. They let me have this as a orrow and moved it for me to a place land on which I filed. I am to give back to them when I am through th it.

This little room is just about five feet d, about twelve feet wide and long and ave to stoop to get in it. One side has window—frame window—in that respect is stylish. The walls, outside and in- e are whitewashed, the work of my n hands. The bed is of planks, colored digo blue, but it gives comfort at night. ere is plenty of cover and I never did very cold. A small box is my chair d a larger one my eating table and I ve two or three cups, saucers and plates, at is all there is in the room.

I cooked my meals—such as they were ut of doors on a ground fire, in bar- cue style. But I did not keep much le or food around the house because wild animals. I got most of it as I ded it from neighbors who lived about ree miles off. One time I was snow- und three days and it looked like I as about to run out of something to eat, t the sun came out and drove the snow ay and I found my way to the neigh- rs.

There was a few months when I ought I would lose my claim. I left it a while to help some of my children, d when I got back other parties had ed on it and wanted me to pay them leave. I took it in the courts and won, t I had to file again because I had not ed on it. This was about eighteen nths ago, and when I filed the second e I decided not to leave my claim at And I didn't. When I left the other y I had lived there more than sixteen nths; had kept a little garden, raising at few products I could. I had ten res in wheat. But I had to buy 'most t ate, and a pension of $12 a month ped and more than paid for them. t I had to help my girls and it kept scheming all the time.

Coyotes swarmed it seemed around my me at nights and sometimes it seemed ndreds were there at one time. Their il cries lasted all night, but I soon got to it and slept sound. Other wild sts also came around and mixed their eous growls with the coyotes, but none er bothered me very much.

Snakes gave me more trouble than ything, the prairie grass being full of ers. I was never bitten though. One y, I remember, a rattler popped up in pathway only two or three feet away, d my little girl was with me. I feared would be bitten, but I was carrying a ket and in it was only one lump of This was my only chance. I took and threw it with all my might straight the back of the hissing reptile. It uck him square in the mouth and he bled over, writhing in pain, but not d. In a moment he was up again, new he would dart for the girl and me. I was prepared for one more attack, with a chip of the prairie knocked down again. This time he was too dly hurt to bother us and we went our safely. And what a relief it was. the snakes were fairly good after and I never met many that would low me or keep me from getting out their way.

It was pretty lonesome away out there the prairie, but somehow or other I oyed the novelty of it all. Days were it is true, and nights were much ger; but I felt that the land was worth effort, and it was the only way I had getting what the law said I was en- led to. When I left the claim several ars ago to come to Fort Worth I had ut a few days more than sixteen nths on it, and I will get my certificate m Washington in a few days."—Fort orth Record.

A SHREWD PARSON.

George B. Cortelyou, the secretary of e treasury, was talking at a dinner out the recent panic.

There's a story about a well-known broad man in the panic that is almost kled hearted, and he was deeply moved a letter that a country parson wrote n when things were looking their worst. The letter ran like this:

"Dear Sir: As the pastor of —— ch my aim has always been invest- nt and not speculation. Regarding r railroad as a sound business insti- ion, solid as a rock, in 1904 I purchased of its shares at 106, sinking my little s in them and a great deal more. They ve now fallen to 55, and I am undone, nkrupt, and at my age—72 years—what I to do? I throw myself upon your ercy."

Well," said Mr. Cortelyou, "the banker d this letter several times, and each h his pity for the poor old parson in- ased. Finally, calling in his sten- apher, he wrote to the man that, con- ering all the painful circumstances of case, he would himself buy back the shares at 106, the price the parson had immediately on receipt of this generous fer the parson wired to his brokers: Buy 400 Dash Railways at 55, and send e round to Dash's president, who will e you 106 for them."—Washington

A LEAP YEAR PROPOSITION

Since you're the first and only man I've asked
To share my fate,
Please contemplate
The almost herculean task.

It seems to timid maiden modesty
To pop the question!
The mere suggestion
Would once have seemed grave impropriety.

But what a spinster maid would scorn to do
At sweet and twenty,
With chances plenty,
Looks sensible at twenty-seven—and two!!
and two!!

This is so sudden? Well enough I know
That's but pretense,
Not innocence.
How many times I've said that, years ago!

Don't beat about the bush and say "I'll see!"—
I don't want that!
Just answer pat.
Will you, or won't you, kindly marry me?

Or, if you think it isn't right to do
Things just this way,
I'll change and say,
What you've said oft: "Please let ME marry you!"
—New York Times.

FRUIT PAIL NOVELTY.

Fruit pails are among the newest table contrivances. There are two pails, one much smaller than the other. The inner pail is filled with the whole fruit which is to be served at the end of the meal, and the lower part of the space between the two is filled with cracked ice. The space is not filled up with the ice, as this would partly freeze the fruit. It is usually not intended to do this, but merely to keep it cool. The pails are of silver, porcelain or glass, and sometimes the outer pail is of silver and the inner one of glass. These fruit coolers may be used on the table or they may be kept on the sideboard.

SAILING 'ROUND THE HORN

Thrilling Experiences of Early Navigators Over Course Evans' Fleet Will Follow.

The sailing of the fleet of battleships for the Pacific recalls the sailing of another fleet on a similar voyage more than half a century ago. This earlier fleet was composed of the steamers hurried to California on the discovery of gold, says the Detroit Free Press.

Attention has been directed to the risk involved in sending so many and so large vessels on so long a voyage as that of the battleships between the James river, Virginia, and the Upper Pacific coast, but a comparison between them and the pioneer steam vessels on the route makes the voyage of the naval fleet seem like an excursion by contrast.

Prior to 1845 our experience with ocean steamships had been very limited, and it was only after that date, or, in fact, in 1847, that the first American ocean steamship line was established. About the same time the first coastwise steamship was constructed after the Robert Fulton of 1819.

So, when the gold fever broke out in 1848 there were not more than six or eight steamships in service in this country, and they were on established lines. The Pacific Mail Steamship company had at this time two steamships under construction for the California trade.

The first vessels leaving the Atlantic coast after the outbreak of the gold fever were three sailing vessels sent out in October, 1848, by the war department. The virulence of the fever is shown by the fact that in one month from December 14, 1848, there were cleared from New York for California six ships, five barks, five brigs and one schooner, carrying a total of 965 passengers, and each vessel filled with freight to the limit of its capacity; and from Boston in the same time there were nine sailing vessels, carrying 325 passengers and freight. For the year 1849 there were 235 ships, 210 barks, 154 brigs, and 120 schooners, a total of 719 sailing vessels, and 11 steamships, most of these vessels going by way of Cape Horn, and carrying about 30,000 passengers and freight.

In the latter part of 1849 the first real news was obtained in the east of what the prospect was for the transportation business on the Pacific coast, and then began the fitting out of small steam vessels for the voyage for service on the inland waters and short coast routes of the new territory. Many vessels were purchased and refitted that were, in fact, totally unsuitable in type for so long and hazardous a voyage.

Among those that took the risk was the Governor Dana, a stern-wheeler of the western river type, from Oldtown, Maine. She was only 130 feet long, and yet this small vessel arrived safely on the Pacific side, and was in service there until 1864.

There sailed from New York the New World, a vessel similar to the Sound steamboats of that date, about 200 feet long. This is the vessel that was launched with steam up and made a trial trip immediately afterward, and had the reputation of carrying the sheriff's officers, who were on board with a process for a debt, down the bay. Having thus been kidnaped, these officers had the choice of going to California with the vessel or ashore in a small boat. They followed the latter course.

The vessel went to sea and arrived safely at San Francisco, and was in service there many years. The voyage was also made by the Antelope, a comparatively new vessel that had seen service in New York bay, and the Confidence, another New York bay vessel, neither one as large as the New World and neither designed for such service.

The Wilson G. Hunt, a small river boat that had run to Coney Island, met with many mishaps on the voyage. Leaving New York on March 3, 1850, the vessel encountered a very severe gale on March 9 and narrowly escaped foundering, her upper works being almost wholly a wreck from the violence of the storm.

She put in to one of the Bermuda islands for repairs, and subsequently proceeded on her way. It was no excursion for the crew of that vessel getting to San Francisco.

About the most unfortunate of all these refitted vessels was the Rhode Island, which had been on the New York and Providence route and had been laid aside as a spare boat. She was sold and refitted, or prepared as well as the short time would permit, for the voyage. She left New York on January 25, 1850, and four days later ran into a violent gale.

The vessel was loaded down with coal and provisions so that her freeboard was very small for a vessel on such a voyage.

After laboring in the heavy sea for 12 hours she began to leak badly. Her engine refused to work, while her steering gear became deranged, and she was at the mercy of the waves and sank a few hours later. Twelve of the passengers and crew escaped in a small boat to a schooner that was near by at the time, but 32 were lost with the vessel.

All of these vessels had the light upper works common to river boats, but most of them were fitted with masts and sails for this voyage.

Of another type, like the vessels on the coast of Maine, were the Senator and the W. J. Pease. They had run outside from New York to Philadelphia. They sailed for California.

There were also two propellers of about 300 tons each that had been on the New England coast, the General Warren and the Commodore Preble. There was one New York and Sandy Hook tugboat only a few years old, named the Goliah, the crew of which had the time of their lives in the voyage. The vessel was in service on the Pacific coast till ten years ago.

Two or three of the vessels that had been running on short coastwise routes seem to have encountered as many trials as the smaller and lighter built river steamboats. The record shows that the W. J. Pease was three months in getting near the Straits of Magellan and then was compelled, by stress of weather, to return to Montevideo in June, 1850. There the vessel was repaired and later ran on the Uruguay river.

The New World made the voyage in 152 days, which was remarkable time for a vessel of her type. A vessel like her, named New York, started for the same destination a few months later and consumed about four months in getting no further than Rio Janeiro, and beyond there all trace of her is lost.

The Wilson G. Hunt was very unfortunate, as has been said. She was laid up at Montevideo for nearly three months for a crew, and at other points for repairs to the vessel, and the time from port to port was 322 days.

The Goliah was 279 days between New York and San Francisco. The General Warren and the Commodore Preble were each about nine months on the way, being detailed at some ports on the Pacific side for repairs and at others on account of the scarcity of coal.

Several more vessels of these same types left other Atlantic ports at the same time and encountered the same difficulties and trials. Several were never heard from after leaving the home port.

Those that were so fortunate as to arrive at their destination were compelled to call at every principal port on the way for coal, water, provisions and repairs to the vessel, and in many cases were detained by the illness of the crew from fever contracted in the warm climate, so it was not all pleasure that was their portion.

The expense for repairs and detention at the many ports on the voyage to San Francisco of these light built vessels was so great that it deterred owners from sending any more of that class of vessels under their own steam. In 1852 three or more large river steamboats were built at New York, taken apart and shipped with their machinery to San Francisco, where they were joined together and completed for service in the waters of California.

By this time there had been three steamship lines established having vessels more adapted for the service and having lines on the Atlantic side that connected across the isthmus with the Pacific side running to California, and these were now able to accumulate the passenger travel and handle the freight offered for the Pacific. Besides, the larger clipper ships of that period began now to enter the trade, and they soon showed their worth in a quick delivery at their destination.

The transportation business between the two oceans by water now began to settle down to a normal condition after so much bustle and haste to get on the scene of business activity. Since then not a few comparatively small steam vessels have been sent from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, but they have been well built and sufficient time was taken to prepare them properly for the voyage.

RUBBER.

According to the Diario Oficial, the Brazilian government gazette, as quoted in Daily Consular and Trade Reports, the world's production and consumption of rubber in the last seven years were, in tons:

Season.	Production.	Consumption.
1899-1900	53,348	48,352
1900-1901	52,864	51,136
1901-02	58,887	51,110
1902-03	55,603	55,276
1903-04	61,759	59,666
1904-05	68,879	65,083
1905-06	67,999	62,574

Of the 68,000 tons produced in 1905-06, 23,400 came from Africa, 1,800 from Asia and the East Indies, and the rest from the Americas, mostly from Brazil.

Stocks at hand at the close of each season named decreased steadily from 8,869 tons in 1899-1900 to 4,584 tons in 1904-05. The temporary reduction of consumption in 1905-06 ran that season's stock up to 5,352 tons, but it was the previous steady stock reductions which caused the yearly advances in the price of crude rubber.

FROM TUREEN TO PLATFORM

Carrying a suit case filled with medals and diplomas all of which testify to his excellence as a cook in South Africa, Canada, England, and other parts of the world, Henry Jackson, a negro, eighty-five years old, has arrived in New York from Conack, Alaska. He is preparing to exchange the soup tureen for the lecture platform.

In his possession are medals certifying to his powers as a maker of chowder and turtle soup. His collection of medals, diplomas, and letters show he was a cook on one of the steamboats operated on the Hudson river by James Fisk. Jackson cooked for Lord Minto at Rossland, B. C., and got a diploma. The New York Turtle club in 1889 gave him a medal which declared him to be "the best turtle soup maker in the United States."—New York Herald.

TO CHLOROFORM BATTLESHIP

A Novel Submarine That Throws Shell Filled With Non-Explosive, Sleep-Producing Drug.

Drugging 'em to death! Sending through the side of a ship the shell that is loaded with a powerful anesthetic, putting the men, who run the engines of the warship to sleep and rendering the giant citadel the veriest pigmy for capture.

"Bosh!" you say, as you shake with mirth at what you regard as the comically ridiculous.

Let us reflect, however. They laughed at the idea of the "Monitor" warship. Nevertheless, that tiny, twisting-turret thing revolutionized the mode of naval warfare. It was the same with the machine-gun and Holland's submarine. A foreign power had first to buy and try in order that the United States might trail along and finally believe in and build the war contrivance of one of its own citizens. Sneering and laughter have little to do with determining the merit of an invention.

Carl M. Wheaton, of Newtonville, Mass., an inventor of several much-used machines, has been at work nine years in evolving a submarine that throws a shell filled with a non-explosive, sleep-inducing drug. His scheme has been exhaustively gone over by some of the most important scientific and naval men in the world, and they—indorse it! And at the moment of writing, a foreign government is negotiating to get control of the invention.

Here is what George F. F. Wilde, Rear Admiral in the United States navy, says under date of June 20, 1907:

"I'm convinced that this scheme is a thoroughly practical one, though on the surface it may seem chimerical, simply because it's outside the ordinary run of things."

Prof. Amos Dolbear, of Tufts college, a world-celebrated scientist, says Wheaton's scheme "is in accord with correct scientific principles."

W. Sterling Burgess, the yacht designer and naval architect, is another expert who pronounces the project practicable. A former chief of the board of engineers, U. S. A., is another supporter of the idea.

The famous stinkpot of the Chinese has been obsolete for centuries. Nevertheless, that principle is a striking feature of the Wheaton method of warfare. The anesthetic which he uses is, as is his model, of course, being kept a profound secret. Its smell to the laymen, suggests a liberal proportion of chloroform. Its action is instant sleep, but it is not fatal unless the victim be deprived of air.

Wheaton proposes building submarines in groups of six, each of these vessels costing $200,000. Each carries a tank capable of standing a pressure of 500 pounds to the square inch, fitted with tubes and conveniences for rapid heating, and connected with the puncturing tube or anesthetic shell. This "puncturing gun," as Wheaton calls it, is of peculiar construction, carrying a tube which has a bore three-quarters of an inch and an outside diameter of one and one-half inches, with a larger portion to fit the bore of the gun. The tube is about five feet long.

The detail procedure in attacking a ship is as follows: A bomb is carried in the interior of the submarine and only placed in the discharging tube at the moment preceding its use. It is forced out of the tube by a piston operating from the inside, and the piston rises to the top of the tube, where it remains until the cap of the tube is returned to its place, thereby excluding all the water which would otherwise enter.

The bomb is attached to a strong, flexible cord, 20 or 30 feet long, coiled in paraffin on its top, the other end being attached to a ring which is placed in a recess in the muzzle of the gun through which the pointed end of the bolt projects. This, when discharged, penetrates the outer shell of the ship, firmly fixing it thereto, with the bomb and attaching cord trailing astern and held firmly in contact with the ship's bottom by means of buoys on the outside of the bomb. These buoys are fully inflated, just after they leave the tube, giving them a lift of several pounds in excess of their weight. This method of allowing the bomb to trail astern before exploding is to avoid all risk of detonation from the shock of the discharge which drives the bolt. The bomb can be exploded by a time mechanism set to operate after a sufficient time has elapsed to allow the submarine to reach a safe distance.

The guns for the application of the anesthetic and those for firing the bolt are elevated from two to three feet above the top of the turret, when operated, the buoyancy of the boat being slightly increased at the time to hold it firmly in contact with the bottom of the ship attacked. After the submarine has done its work it can sink away by admitting more water into its interior.

Motive power and that needed for all operations of the submarine would be furnished by electric storage batteries of a capacity to allow a cruising radius of 150 miles.

Wheaton is a man 57 years of age and a watchmaker and engraver by trade. He has invented, as has been said, a number of machines which are in practical mechanical use; one of them is a safety clutch which has for years been in use, for one place at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, as a model for the study of the students.

Doubtless a further excerpt from a letter or Admiral Wilde will serve to show just what a task Wheaton has to meet in setting forth the features of his remarkable project:

"That portion of our plan which contemplates the bloodless capture of an enemy's ship is, in my opinion, the most feasible, most humane and most valuable of the whole system. It took time to convert me, as it will in the case of others."

Assuredly, if there is a possibility of destroying a ten or twenty million dollar battleship with $1,200,000 worth of "anesthetic submarines," that is merely firing the sleep-inducing compound into the engine room and by rendering the men who drive the engines unconscious, capturing the vicious craft at our leisure, naval experts may well look into the matter! The invention, if kept a close secret, would render the United States invincible in naval warfare.—Technical World.

THE TINMAN

By TOM GALLON

CHAPTER X.

Too Late!

For now it all seemed straight and plain before me; now I saw clearly the pointing finger of Fate, and trembled no more at the task I had to face. Who was I, that I should ever have hung back at all, or should ever have dreaded the road on which my feet had been firmly set from the first. I looked down at the sleeping girl, and my heart was filled with a great gratitude that God had snatched me from death and from prison, and had reserved me for this. I thanked Him humbly that there was no other man in all the wide world so trained and fitted for the task as I was.

I saw it all clearly enough at last. The time was coming when this poor tangled love story would be set right; when the boy would come naturally and by instinct to the girl, and would take her in his arms, with a very perfect understanding of her purity and her innocence; so much had been ordained from the first. If they gave a thought to me, it would only be as the poor unknown gray-headed man that had been called Tinman, and had flitted into their lives for a brief hour, and flitted out again, and so been done with. Even the woman who stood beside me—that elder Barbara—was only mercifully permitted to look on at the completion of the love story she and I might have lived ourselves. After all, God had been very good to me.

"I don't understand," Barbara was saying to me, as we stood beside the sleeping girl. "What way will you take?—what will you do?"

"You will know presently," I whispered, lest I should wake the sleeper. "In any case, I want you to promise one thing: I want you to take the girl back to her father, and to leave her safely in his hands. Promise me—swear to me that nothing shall turn you from that purpose; nothing that you hear—nothing that you suspect. All that I hope to do, and all that I shall strive to do, will be brought to naught if you fail me in that."

"I promise, my dear," she said solemnly. "But Olivant?"

"Will trouble her no more," I replied. "I wonder if you remember what I said to you once—twenty long years ago?"

"I hope I remember," she whispered. "Say the words again."

"I lay under sentence of death; I was to die the next morning. You came to me; you had traveled hard and fast to reach me before they killed me. Do you remember?"

She bowed her head, and whispered that she did. I went on—repeating the words I had used so long before: they had been in my mind many many times since, and I had not forgotten them.

"This is what I said to you. 'In the years that are coming it may happen, in God's own good time, that some child you love may stand in need of a friend who will strike as I struck—fight as I fought—for her honor. It may happen, long after I am dead and forgotten by all but you, that some such a one may spring up, to do again more perfectly what I did—springing from the dead ashes of my past to work out the pitiful story I began.' Do you remember?"

"Perfectly," she whispered; and now she looked at me with startled eyes.

"I never thought then," I went on, "that it would fall to me to do again what I did then; I was as one dead when I spoke those words. But all things have fitted in so wonderfully and so strangely; there is no drawing back for me, and there is no one else who can strike the blow—no one with a greater right."

She drew me away out of the room, and closed the door; we stood together on the landing outside, looking into each other's eyes—I very calm and resolute, and she trembling and afraid.

"You must not think of it," she whispered; "you must never think of it. There must be some other way—some better way. Not again, Charlie—for the love of God!—not again!"

"There is no other way," I replied. "It is her soul against his body; when you think of that, there is no question. Besides, what does it matter? In the sight of men my hands are stained with blood——"

(She seized my hands suddenly, and put her lips to them!)

"—And at the worst it may happen that I pay the penalty I earned before. Besides," I added solemnly, "I do not do this of myself. Step by step—day by day—I have seen what was coming; I dare not draw back now, whatever happens. If it is a crime, then the man himself has drawn it down upon his own head. Think of what he has done; to get hold of this girl he has banished himself out of the world; has played a trick, to persuade people that he is going on a long voyage, while in reality he is in hiding—waiting like a spider in his web—crouching ready to spring. Think of that, Barbara; if I kill him tonight, I kill a man who has no name, who is unknown; Murray Olivant will be in another place altogether. For his own purposes he has covered up my footsteps—the footsteps of the man setting out to kill him. There is a fate in this; I dare not draw back."

She clung to me, and begged that I would think of her and of the girl; implored me to remember that whereas the crime for which I had been shut away before was one of personal vengeance, with the hot blood of youth for excuse, this was a deliberate thing, done for others, with whom I was not personally concerned. Upon that point, however, I threw a new light.

"The girl sleeping there is but the image of the Barbara I loved; the boy who would strike this blow, if I did not, represents what I was—must represent in the future what I might have been under happier circumstances. I strike now for the love I bore you, Barbara, and bear you still; and because I know that if I do not this boy must step in, and commit the crime for which I suffered twenty long years. There is no hope that he will turn back, any more than there is any hope that Murray Olivant will give up his purpose."

She wept and implored me; to comfort her for a little I presently promised that if I saw any other way I would take it; but in my own heart I knew there was no other way.

"Remember—my dear—my dear," she pleaded, "that we have both had to suffer so much—to lose so much—to give up so much. Remember, too, what my position is now; that it is my fate to stand as a mere kindly stranger beside my child, and never to let her know who I really am. I must live out my life alone, as I have lived it these many years; I cannot go back now; the old Barbara Savell lies in the depths of the sea. That is my punishment, Charlie; don't make it harder to bear than it is."

I went out into the streets, and made my way to the rooms occupied by Fanshawe. Not that I wanted to see the man; I hated him too cordially for that; but that I felt I must be strong for the work that was before me, and must get some proper rest. I was worn out already with that long night spent in tramping about the streets; I knew I must sleep, if sleep was possible; I set all my mind upon that, because so much depended on whether my nerves served me well when the time came for what I had to do.

Fanshawe was out when I arrived, but he came back within a few minutes—coming into the room in some excitement, I thought, as though he had been hurried. He tossed his hat onto the bed, and came across to where I was seated, and clapped me on the shoulder jocosely.

"Well, my Charlie!" he exclaimed, "what's the news with you—eh?"

I looked up at him sourly enough. "No news," I replied.

"No sign of the girl yet? No whisper of where she is?"

I faced round upon him angrily. "Leave her name alone," I said. "If I knew anything I shouldn't tell you, and I warn you that if you try to meddle in any way in the matter, you'll have to reckon with me in a fashion you little suspect. Mind—I mean it!"

I had half expected that he would fly into a passion, as I had seen him do on other occasions; instead, he looked at me almost wistfully out of his deep eyes for a moment before he turned away.

"You won't understand, Charlie," he said. "I only want to help the girl—I only want her to think well of me."

I laughed at him openly; I thought he played the game poorly enough; I felt that he had, perhaps, got a notion that if he was soft with me, I might be led to tell him anything I knew. I hardened my heart; for I had had too much to do with this man not to be able to judge him for what he really was.

He brought out some liquor presently, and I, being faint and weary, readily drank with him. Not a word was said for a long time; until presently, leaning across the table, and tapping upon it with his long, bony fingers, he whispered a word or two that startled me.

"Charlie—Charlie!" Then, as I glanced up at him, and saw his hungry eyes fixed upon me, he went on in tones little above a whisper, and with a curious mocking grin on his face: "Charlie—how does it feel to kill a man?"

I turned round slowly; I saw in a moment that he had read my secret. My fear was not that he might do anything to me; my only dread was that he might warn Murray Olivant, if, indeed, he had not already done so.

"What do you mean?" I asked hoarsely.

"You're a man of evil passions, Charlie—of hot and sudden passions," he said "Twenty years ago you killed Gavin Hockley—struck him down, as you might have struck any noxious beast in your way. Your blood was up, Charlie"—he had risen excitedly to his feet, and was leaning across the table towards me, with his hands gripping the edges, and his eyeballs almost starting from their sockets—"you were like a man rushing into battle, caring nothing for what you did. That was fine—that was noble; but afterwards, Charlie—afterwards?"

"I don't understand you," I said feebly.

"When the thing was done; when you crept out into the streets, knowing what you'd left behind you. Tell me, Charlie—tell me; did it creep down the stairs in your wake—bloody and horrible; did you hear its feet pattering on the stones in quiet streets; did you look over your shoulder and see its glazing eyes staring at you—its mouth, with the drooping jaw striving to scream 'Murder!' after you? Tell me, Charlie."

"I forget," I replied. "After all—what does it matter now?"

"But suppose, Charlie—only suppose," he went on, in that same hoarse whisper—"imagine for a moment that you set out to do it again?"

I sprang to my feet and confronted him. "What madman's talk is this?" I demanded, with a glance at the door. "What are you talking about?"

"Suppose, Charlie," he went on, paying no heed to my excitement—"suppose that this time you set out—not in the heat of passion—not because the man had injured you—but to do it in cold blood! Suppose you crept up his stair—and listened at his door—and stole in upon him—"

I clapped my hand suddenly over his lips. "Silence!" I cried—"you don't know what you're talking about. I've forgotten all I did; it's twenty long years ago. Don't remind me of it." For I thought in that way I might divert his thoughts into another channel; I was firmly persuaded that in some amazing fashion he had guessed what I was about to do, and was endeavoring to screw the truth out of me.

He had dropped back into his chair, and was looking at me cunningly between half-closed lids. I had determined by that time that he should not stop me; I was certain of that, even while I realized that the time must surely come when he would denounce me, and cry out that I had done this thing. The thought of that did not stay me in the least; I meant to go on. But the natural desire to shield myself, if possible—the sheer human instinct of self-preservation—told me that I must, if possible, throw him off the scent. I began to talk to him with what ease I might.

"Come, Fanshawe—it's not for you and me to talk of murder," I said. "Why should I do again what I have done once already? What reason would there be in it?"

"No reason—no reason at all, Charlie," he said, plucking at his lips with his long fingers, and watching me. "I don't know what put the idea into my mind tonight—and I don't know what made me think of it. Only I would give something to know just what a man feels, when he creeps away, and leaves behind him that dead thing that was but a moment before alive and strong. It would be something to know what one feels like then. And the weapon, Charlie—what of the weapon?"

I remembered then that I had seen that day in a marine store dealer's, not a hundred yards from the place where now we talked, the weapon I meant to serve my purpose. It was a strong sailor's knife in a leather sheath—a powerful thing, with a hilt well worn by hands that had grasped it many times; I had stood outside the shop, and had looked at my own hand, and had felt how perfectly it would fit round the handle. I stared at him now as he spoke, and wondered if by any chance he had seen me looking in at that window, and had read my thoughts.

"You know the weapon I used," I said, in a low voice. "It was an old sword."

"I know, Charlie—I know," he said, nodding. "But if you did it again—if you wanted to do it more quickly and more cleanly—what then? A knife's a good weapon; what about a knife, Charlie?"

I felt sick and faint; I got up, and went to the window, and threw it open. It was a fine night—a night of stars and of peace, even with London throbbing in the streets down below me. I thought of the child who had lain asleep—of the mother who watched over her; I thought of the man who was plotting against that little Barbara, and my heart hardened. Though a hundred Fanshawes stood in the way, I meant that this thing should be done, and that the man should die. I had bungled it somehow, so that Fanshawe knew; I must pay the penalty of that afterwards. One thought was in my mind, and one only: he should not stop me.

"Have you seen the boy—young Arnold Millard?" I asked, more for the sake of saying something than in the hope of gaining information.

"I saw him today," replied Fanshawe slowly; "still hanging about that place. I wonder what would happen if by chance he found out where Olivant is going?"

"I'm afraid we know what would happen," I replied. "What's the use of talking about it?"

It seemed impossible for him to get away from that subject; he came back to it again and again. I remember that he crossed the room, and came and stood near to me, looking down into the street, and speaking in a whisper.

"If a man struck down another like that—for a fine, noble reason, Charlie—would that be wrong? I mean, would it be so vile as it might be if a man did it for any worse motive? If he did it—and escaped; for how long would it haunt him afterwards? You remember, Charlie; for how long did you think about it—and remember it? Did the blood-stained thing come to you in dreams—mock at you, and haunt you. One would like to know that."

"Look here," I said roughly. "You've got some strange idea in your head,"

"No—no; not in my head, Charlie; I was only supposing—putting a case," he broke in hurriedly.

"Well, don't suppose—and don't put cases," I cried savagely. "All that has been done is done with; why should you take it up? Am I likely to do again what I did before?—to put my neck once again in the noose?"

"No, Charlie," he faltered—"of course not."

"Very well, then—leave it alone," I urged. "I'm worn out, and I need sleep; I mustn't be late tomorrow; there are many things to be seen to."

He said he would sit up for a time; at his suggestion I threw myself down on the bed, dressed as I was, and fell asleep. The last vision I had of him was as he sat at the table, with a flaring candle throwing ghostly shadows of him on the wall and ceiling, and with his plucking hands ever at his lips. He watched me, even as I watched him, out of half-closed eyes; I wondered how much he knew, or how much he guessed.

I woke long after daylight, to find him gone. There was for a moment in my heart that little swift pang of excitement that comes to any one of us, when on waking, we remember some urgent and difficult thing that has to be done before we sleep again—a journey, or an interview, or anything else shut in between sunrise and sunset of one particular date; but no more than that. I had no worldly affairs to set right—no one I need consult; no peace to make with anyone. I had long ago told myself that this was right, and that to this end I must surely come. In doing it I was to save two people: the girl in the first place, and the boy in the second. For I knew inevitaby that young Arnold Millard would carry out his threat, and that, too, with less hesitation if he found his enemy hidden away, as Murray Olivant was to be hidden away that day.

I went again to the marine store dealer's; saw with satisfaction that the knife was still there. I had money in my pocket—part of the amount that had been handed to me on the previous day by Olivant; I went into the shop, and asked that I might look at the knife. A dingy old man behind the counter adjusted his spectacles to look at me; perhaps he wondered that a tall gray-haired man, with bowed shoulders and with a respectable black suit on, should want such a weapon as that. But he pulled it out of the window, and spread it out before me; I muttered something about wanting it for a present. I pulled it out from its sheath, and felt the edge of it; there was a deadly sharpness about it that made me shudder involuntarily, as I remembered where that sharpness was to be planted.

It was old and well-worn, but in good condition; the sheath was suspended from a narrow black belt, meant to buckle around the waist. I did not care to put it on there; I got the man to wrap it up for me, paid him for it, and came away. Presently, in a quiet street, I tore away the paper wrapping, and buckled the thing round my waist, setting the sheath in such a way at my back that I could easily reach the hilt of the knife. Then I buttoned my coat, and went on towards Lincoln's Inn Fields.

When I got there I found that Olivant had not yet arrived; it flashed across me in a moment that he did not even know yet that I had secured the rooms, and that he would be waiting until I could reach him, and give him the keys of the place. Cursing myself for my carelessness, and fearing that he might decide after all, on some whim, not to take the rooms, I hurried off to his flat. I climbed the stairs to reach it, and knocked at the door.

After some little delay he opened the door himself, and peered out at me; flung the door wide, on seeing who it was, and let me in. He was in his dressing gown, and as he strode across the hall and into his sitting-room I remembered suddenly that the man servant had been sent away the night before, and that Olivant was alone there. A sudden feeling that I might do it then swept over me, and my hand instinctively went to the knife at my back.

I was sane enough to remember in a moment that I had been seen coming and going from that place over and over again; to remember also that young Millard had waited outside there, and had forced his way into those roms, and had been ejected from them. That momentary impulse on my part, if carried out, might ruin everything; I must wait until Murray Olivant had voluntarily hidden himself.

He was in a vile temper; in sending away his man servant he had forgotten that he could get no breakfast without the man's assistance. I hurriedly set to work to prepare coffee; he fumed about the rooms, roundly cursing me, and declaring over and over again that he'd give up this fool's business, and remain comfortably where he was.

"I've been in too much of a hurry," he declared. "I might have known I should have to suffer every sort of discomfort; I ought not to have been afraid of what Millard would do. It's absurd."

"The rooms are taken, and they're very snug and comfortable." I reminded him. "You'll have the laugh of every one if you slip off there. The thing has been so well planned."

"So it has," he replied, with a smile breaking over his face. "By Jove!—you're right there, Tinman; it's been devilishly well planned. As soon as I've had my breakfast I'll slip out—(by the back way, Tinman, for fear of accidents)—and later in the day I'll make my way to Lincoln's Inn Fields. I'll wander about for a bit—enjoying a new sort of freedom; dine somewhere quietly, and go there this evening. Have you got in a stock of what I shall need—wines and spirits, and so forth?"

I assured him that he would find everything he required; I left the keys with him, explaining carefully which of them fitted the various doors. One thing only I did not tell him: that I had a duplicate key of the outer door, given to me by the agents from whom I had taken the place. They had explained to me that the rooms had been previously occupied by two friends, so that the second key had been necessary. I remember that when that second key came into my hands I felt again that Fate had played her cards well, and had given me all I asked, and more.

"I don't quite know what time I shall be there, Tinman," said Olivant, just before I left. "You can hang about a bit if I'm not there, and wait till I come. I'm expecting Jervis Fanshawe to come here this morning; he may have some news for me. By the way, don't blunder over this, Tinman."

"Blunder?" I stared at him stupidly.

"Yes; don't be telling people that I'm still in London; remember that I've sailed on the Eaglet, and that I'm not coming back for months. Tell everybody that. And

THOUSANDS HAVE KIDNEY TROUBLE AND DON'T KNOW IT

Weak and unhealthy kidneys are responsible for more sickness and suffering than any other disease, therefore, when, through neglect or other causes, kidney trouble is permitted to continue, serious results are sure to follow.

Your other organs may need attention—but your kidneys most, because they do most and should have attention first.

If you are sick or "feel badly," begin taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, because as soon as your kidneys begin to get better they will help all the other organs to health.

Prevalency of Kidney Disease.

Most people do not realize the alarming increase and remarkable prevalency of kidney disease. While kidney disorders are the most common diseases that prevail, they are almost the last recognized by patient or physicians, who content themselves with doctoring the effects, while the original disease undermines the system.

The mild and immediate effect of Swamp-Root, the great kidney, liver and bladder remedy, is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable cures in the most distressing cases.

Symptoms of Kidney Trouble.

Swamp-Root is not recommended for everything, but if you are obliged to pass your frequently night and day, smarting or irritation in passing, brickdust or sediment in the urine, headache, backache, lame back, dizziness, poor digestion, sleeplessness, nervousness, heart disturbance due to bad kidney trouble, skin eruptions from bad blood, neuralgia, rheumatism, lumbago, bloating, irritability, wornout feeling, lack of ambition, may be loss of flesh, sallow complexion, or Bright's disease may be stealing upon you, which is the worst form of kidney trouble.

Swamp-Root Is Pleasant to Take.

If you are already convinced that Swamp-Root is what you need, you can purchase the regular fifty-cent and one dollar size bottles at all drug stores. Don't make any mistake, but remember the name, Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, and the address, Binghamton, N. Y., which you will find on every bottle.

If You Need a Medicine You Should Have the Best.

Swamp-Root is always kept up to its high standard of purity and excellence. A sworn certificate of purity with every bottle.

SAMPLE BOTTLE FREE—To prove the wonderful merits of Swamp-Root you may have a sample bottle and a book of valuable information, both sent absolutely free by mail. The book contains many of the thousands of letters received from men and women who found Swamp-Root to be just the remedy they needed. The value of Swamp-Root is so well known that our readers are advised to send for a sample bottle. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y. Be sure to say you read this generous offer in The Toledo Weekly Blade.

of the table, and mechanically looked over; I started back with a cry.

Murray Olivant was there in his own rooms, after all. But he lay stiff and stark, with his face upturned to the ceiling, and his dead eyes staring up at me. He was stone dead; his hand still gripped the knife that had been plunged straight into his breath, as though in his death agony he would have torn it out.

It was too late; some one had been there before me.

CHAPTER XI.

I Tell the Truth.

My first thought, after that ghastly discovery, was to run to the outer door and close it. After that, the mere coming back into the room was an effort and still, with the knife sticking in its breast—afraid most of all of what it suggested.

For I saw now that a hatred greater and deeper than mine had pursued this man, and had struck him down before my slower vengeance could reach him. As I stood in the room, in that silence greater than any silence I had known before, I realized that all that I had feared, and all that I had fought against had happened, after all; the boy had been here before me, and had struck down his enemy. There was no doubt about that at all; all the precautions Murray Olivant had taken had availed him nothing. Surely and resolutely young Arnold Millard had tracked him down, and had killed him, as he had sworn to do.

I stood there by the table for what seemed a long time, wondering what I should do. For now the instinct to cover up this crime was stronger in me than it would have been had the man been struck down by my own hands. In a pitiful fashion I knew the business, and had paid the penalty of it before; I should have gone into it, and indeed had meant to go into it, with my eyes open, knowing well the desperate risk I ran. But with the boy it was different; he was only poor Charlie Avaline again, of twenty years before, who had flung himself upon this man in sheer bitter rage, and without thought of what he must pay for the blow.

I looked about the room. A chair had been overturned, and I guessed that Murray Olivant had made something of a struggle with his murderer, but had had no chance really to defend himself. The candle I had seen knocked over seemed to suggest that the man who had struck the blow had knocked over the light, in sheer horror of that dying face staring up at him; that seemed natural enough. There was nothing else disturbed; a glass upon the table held a little whisky and soda still, and on the rim of it were to be seen the impression of the lips of the drinker. The cigar that had burnt its way into the tablecloth had long since gone out. The whole place was unnaturally still.

I stood there looking down at the dead man; for if the truth be told I dared not put the table between us; there was that uncanny feeling in me that he might stir, and get up, and come towards me—dead, and yet moving—with the knife sticking out of him. I kept near him, that I might be sure where he was, and above all that he was still. And I began to calculate the chances again—not for myself this time, but for the boy.

For in this, of course, I had the advantage of a dreadful experience. I seemed to know that Arnold Millard would strike his man without fear of any consequences—without thought of any penalty he might have to pay. That done, he would walk out of the place, and would take his way through the streets, not caring greatly what happened to him. I had done that, ever so many years before; and therein I had been mistaken. I had walked straight into the arms of those who waited for me; I had not cared. But this boy must care; in a sense, he must be saved from himself. There was no one now that could guide him out of the labyrinth into which he had gone but myself; I only knew where the hammers were going, and where the scaffold was being built, with its black arm pointing to the grave; I only could meet him on that road, and from bitter experience turn him aside, and show him another secret road to travel—a road by which he might escape. I blessed God for my knowledge then.

In the dread silence of the room I found myself addressing the dead man; leaning over the table to look down at him fearfully, as though he could hear me.

"It may be that you will save him after all," I whispered. "You have hidden yourself here—you are an unknown man; they cannot find out anything about you. If he is silent, it may happen that no one will ever suspect. But will he be silent?—that is the point. Or will he feel, in a cooler moment, that this deed cuts him off forever from those for whose sake it was done. What will he do?"

Once again I found myself counting and calculating the chances—not for myself, but for another this time. In some strange fashion the boy must have tracked Murray Olivant to this place; must have struck him down, and must now be wandering, with that brand of Cain upon him, fighting the desperate battle with himself that a man must fight who has in one moment put himself outside the sphere of ordinary things; and so is hiding and dodging in a crowded world to escape.

I remembered that certain steamer tickets had been bought in order to carry out that deception which had after all been useless; I knew that those tickets must be in the possession of the dead man. With the cowardice of one who puts off what he knows to be inevitable until the last moment, I searched everywhere for them about the room—looking on the mantelshelf, and in a small new portmanteau in the inner room—everywhere but where I knew instinctively they must be. Then at last, when there was nothing else to be done, I turned to the man himself, and knelt beside him.

Even as I did so I raised my head, and listened. The night was very still and windless; there was not a sound anywhere about the house. But I had distinctly heard the scrape of a footstep on the landing outside—that, and the movement of someone against the door. I got up very slowly and stealthily from my knees and suddenly blew out the candle; then I felt my way to the door of the room, and stood listening again.

There was a small lobby outside this room, and at the further side of it the door leading to the staircase. While I stood there, I distinctly heard someone pressing against the door; heard the heavy breathing of someone who was evidently striving to peer through the keyhole. I stood perfectly still in the darkness and listened; heard cautious footsteps moving away from the door, and then, with greater confidence, going more loudly down the stairs. And I knew instinctively that the murderer had been there and had gone away again.

There had been a sudden thought in my mind for a moment that I would follow him; would overtake him, and so, coming face to face with him, make him understand that I knew the truth. With the understanding there might have come the knowledge that I was his friend, who had suffered just as he must be suffering now, and who was ready and willing to help him. But that thought was gone quickly as it had come; I felt that I should only be met with furious denials; I knew that I must keep my knowledge to myself for the present.

It was difficult work going back into that room, and standing there fumbling to get a light. But I accomplished it at last, and once more went upon my knees beside the dead man and began to fumble dreadfully in his pockets for the tickets. They were easily found, because the man seemed to have nothing else of any value in his pockets at all; he had carried out what he had promised, in that he had destroyed all marks of identification. So, with the tickets in my hand, I sat down on a chair (still keeping him well in view, lest he should dreadfully come to life again), and thought about what I had to do.

I fitted the thing together like a puzzle. Murray Olivant on the sea, on board the Eaglet; Murray Olivant so far accounted for, for some considerable time at least. On the other hand, Murray Olivant here as an unknown man—dead by an unkown hand. The first thing to be done obviously was to get rid of the tickets. For the present I thrust them into my own pocket, meaning to destroy them at the first opportunity.

Then I went carefully through the rooms, to be certain that there was nothing by which Olivant could be identified. I found, as I had expected, that there was no scrap of clothing anywhere that was marked; everything was of that newer cheaper kind that he had purchased for the better carrying out of his trick. I had left the most dreadful task to the last; and that was to examine the knife.

I had not the courage to pull it out; I took the candle from the table, and bent down to examine it. It was a knife not unlike that which I carried; it had been well worn, but was a powerful weapon, of the sort carried by sailors. I looked at it carefully, and was relieved to find that there were no distinguishing marks upon the handle; it was a common thing, such as the boy might have bought for a few shillings, just as I had bought the one that was slung about my waist.

I had done all that was possible for me to do, and I now prepared for departure. I extinguished the candle, and got to the door; stood listening for a moment, in the fear that that visitor of a little time before might have returned, and might be waiting. But there was no sound and, after a moment or two, I opened the door and peered out. No one there and the house wrapped in silence.

Emboldened by that, I pulled the door wide, and stepped out, and closed it behind me. I turned to put my hand against it, to be certain that it was fastened, and recoiled with a cry. For there was a man standing there, flat against the wall, at one side of the door, looking at me. It was Jervis Fanshawe.

"What—what's the matter?" I asked hoarsely.

He grinned at me; his voice, when he spoke, was the mere thread of a whisper. "Nothing—nothing at all," he said. "How's our friend?" He jerked his head towards the closed door as he spoke.

"He—he's all right," I faltered, stooping to fumble with the lock for a moment, the better to hide my face. "Tired—gone to sleep."

Jervis Fanshawe moved away from me to the head of the stairs; peered over there down into the darkness below, for a moment or two, in silence. Then he turned swiftly, and laid his hand on my arm, and without looking at me began to pull me towards the stairs. "Come away," he whispered—"come away!"

I was halfway down the stairs before I realized what he meant, or what he thought. And then in a moment it flashed upon me that he knew in his own mind that Murray Olivant was dead, and believed that I had killed him. I had seen that thought growing in his mind when he had spoken to me about what my feelings must have been when I had killed Gavin Hockley; I knew now that the man was absolutely certain as to what had happened, and that he had fastened the crime upon me. For a moment I stopped on the stairs, and looked at him with a momentary feeling of dismay in my heart—momentary only, because the next instant I realized that this was, after all, the best thing that could happen. He might say or do anything, so far as I was concerned; it would be like flogging a dead man; my only dread had been that he might fasten the crime upon the right pair of shoulders.

"Why do you stare at me like that?" I asked.

"Was I staring?" he asked, with that grin again stealing over his features. "I was only thinking," he added; and then, dropping his voice to a whisper, he asked, as he glanced up the stairs towards the door we had left: "Tell me—does he sleep soundly?"

"I suppose so," I said hoarsely; and turned and went down the stairs with Fanshawe following. He spoke no further words; as I strode on through the streets he came after me at a sort of trot—ever keeping a little behind me and at my elbow.

Knowing what I knew, and guessing that he had put that fearful interpretation upon my words, I found him presently to be a very ghost of a man, coming along always with that soft footfall just behind me. Once or twice I stopped on some pretext; but he always stopped, too, and would not be shaken off. And so at last we came to that lodging down by the river, and were admitted by the girl Moggs. While we stood for a moment in the little dingy passage of the house, the girl jerked her head towards the stairs, and said, without looking at us—

"'E's up there."

Then she disappeared into her own quarters. I could not understand what she meant; I was puzzling my brains to know who could possibly have called upon us, or what fresh disaster this might mean, when I became aware of a sudden change that had come over my companion. He was leaning against the wall, mouthing and shivering, and plucking at his lips, and staring towards the staircase. I looked back at him, and called—

"What's wrong with you? What are you afraid of?"

He came towards me, edging along the wall of the passage until he could lay his hand upon mine and grip me. "Didn't you hear what she said?" he whispered. "He's up there—waiting for us? Don't you understand, you fool, that he'd come quicker than we could; didn't you think of that?"

The sheer terror in the man's face unnerved me; I found myself gripping him, as if I, too, had suddenly gown afraid.

"What the devil do you mean?" I whispered. "It's some chance caller. Don't be a fool!"

I was shaken to my very soul; but I went on up the stairs, looking back, to find him following more slowly. I saw that he was ready, at a chance word or gesture, to go tumbling down the stairs again, and screaming out into the night. I hesitated for a moment at the door of the room, and opened it, and went in. Standing before the cheerless hearth was the man Dawkins.

I glanced over my shoulder, to see a ghastly face coming round the door—a face that changed in a moment from terror to relief—from relief to a sort of childish rage. Jervis Fanshawe came into the room a little blusteringly, and scowled at the visitor.

"What do you want here at this time of night?" he demanded. "Startling people—and making them think—What do you want?"

Dawkins stared at this hitherto humble man in some amazement. "Don't be insolent," he said at last. "I want to find Murray Olivant."

"What do you want with him?" snapped Jervis Fanshawe, before I could say a word. "And why do you seek him here?"

"Because I can't find him at his rooms," retorted Dawkins. "The place is shut up, and apparently deserted; even his servant has gone. What's the mystery?"

"There is no mystery," I said slowly. "Mr. Murray Olivant has gone on a voyage——"

"Yes, yes; on a voyage," corroborated Fanshawe eagerly. "That's true enough."

"He sails tomorrow on the Eaglet, bound for the Mediterranean," I went on. "I am to join him—to sail with him."

"Strange that I've heard nothing about it," muttered Dawkins, looking from one to the other of us. "I think I can guess what has happened, however; our friend has got hold of the girl, and is slipping away quietly with her—eh?"

"I couldn't say," said Fanshawe. "In any case, I wouldn't trouble about it, if I were you; it's not worth while."

"I'm not so sure of that," said Dawkins, with a grin. "Murray Olivant mustn't imagine for a moment that he is going to use me as he likes, and then fling me aside, without so much as a 'Thank you.' I don't believe in this sailing business; I don't believe he's going at all. There's some trick in this."

"There's no trick," exclaimed Fanshawe eagerly. "He sails tomorrow, and Tinman here goes with him."

I confess I was a little surprised at this eager advocacy of my cause on the part of Fanshawe; I could not understand it. I firmly believed that he thought I had killed the man Olivant; but I should have imagined he was the last person to endeavor to shield me. Yet here he was carrying on that trick that had been practiced on every one, and assisting me to hide Murray Olivant away. I could not understand it.

"Tell me one thing," persisted Dawkins. "Does he take the girl with him?"

I answered immediately: "No; he does not take her. He does not even know where she is, and he has decided to give up the whole business."

"I can't understand it, and I don't believe it," said Dawkins, moving towards the door. "You're hiding something from me."

I slipped my hand into my pocket, and drew out the envelope containing the steamer tickets. Without a word I pulled out the tickets, and showed them to him. "I am to meet my master early tomorrow morning with these, and to take him on board. Does that convince you?"

He looked at the tickets and at me; something in my manner evidently impressed him. "Well," he said, "it's no affair of mine—and he was always an erratic sort of fellow. But why couldn't he have let me know that he was going?"

"You forget," I reminded him, "that you have been endeavoring to get a large sum of money out of him."

"There's something in that," he replied, with a laugh. "I don't like being made a fool of; I hope the infernal vessel will blow up, or sink, or something, with the pair of you on board."

"Thank you, sir," I responded quietly, as he went out, slamming the door after him.

Jervis Fanshawe was seated on the bed, rubbing his hands, and laughing softly to himself. "That was well done, Charlie; that was excellently done," he said, in a hoarse whisper. "You're a clever fellow, Charlie; you've covered up the traces beautifully."

"I don't understand you," I replied coldly. "There are no traces to cover up, beyond those we know already. Murray Olivant is in hiding—"

"That's it—in hiding," he whispered, nodding his head many times, and sucking his lips, and rubbing his long bony hands together. "In hiding's the word. And he'll sleep soundly tonight—won't he, Charlie?"

"I imagine so," I replied, looking at him steadily. "Why do you insist upon that point?"

"Do I insist upon it, Charlie?" he asked innocently. "Not at all—not at all. Only I like to think of him in those snug rooms of his in Lincoln's Inn Fields—sleeping well—sleeping as long as he likes, Charlie—eh?"

There was that between us which seemed to make it necessary that my eyes should seek his, and that his should be fastened on mine. Even when I moved round the room, I saw that his eyes followed me. And I knew what was in his mind. I would not trust him; I would never trust him again; for the sake of the boy who had done this thing in a moment of madness, I must let Fanshaw think what he would.

"We'd better sleep," I said, as I turned the key in the door. "And, as for Murray Olivant—let him sleep."

"Quite right, Charlie—we can leave him—to sleep soundly," he said, nodding his head at me. "He's safe enough."

He stretched himself on the bed, and seemed to fall asleep at once. I had curled myself up in a corner and was slowly nodding to slumber, when I thought he moved; I asked sleepily if he wanted anything. There was no reply, and the only sound in the room was his steady breathing. I decided sleepily that everything might well wait until the morrow; my head dropped forward on my breast, and I slept heavily.

I had no recollection of anything during the night, save that it seemed to me once that someone touched me, and that I fretfully begged to be let alone. But I awoke in the morning to find the bed unoccupied, and only myself in the room. Fanshawe was gone. I wondered about it a little, and yet was relieved to be rid of him.

I had got clearly in my mind what I was to do. I wanted to know that Barbara and the girl were safe at Hammerstone Market; I wanted to be certain that the girl was back again in her father's house. Always when I got to that point I stopped, and my thoughts refused to travel further. For while Murray Olivant was safely out of the way, never to trouble the child's peace again, there always came on top of that the shuddering remembrance that the boy had killed him, and that only afterwards, if he was the boy I knew him to be, would there come upon him the knowledge that with that knife thrust he had killed not only Murray Olivant, but all hope of any love story with Barbara. That was one of the problems I had to solve; to know what the boy would do.

I was certain in my own mind that Barbara, at least, would keep her promise to me, and would take the girl to Hammerstone Market. It seemed at once to become vitally necessary that I should see Barbara—should let her understand, in however vague a fashion, what had happened, and should get the clear light of her reason upon it. Up to a certain point I had taken my way strongly, without fear and without question; but now I had come to a point when I was afraid to move—afraid to take any step that might involve young Arnold Millard. One man I feared, and feared greatly; and that man was Jervis Fanshawe.

I knew he would not hesitate for a moment to denounce me, if it served his purpose to do so. I knew that he believed that I had killed Murray Olivant, and I did not know how far that old vengeance with which he had pursued me before would stir him to pursue me again. I did not like, above all things, that secret creeping away in the night on some unknown errand.

Not that I feared for myself; but that I thought I knew enough of the boy to know that, if another were threatened with the penalty of his crime, he would not hesitate to step forward and tell the truth. And in that case all that I had striven so hard to do would be lost, and the boy's fate would be that of a certain poor Charlie Avaline, long since forgotten.

I hurried to Barbara's lodging, only to find, as I had anticipated, that she and the girl had gone. From there I went straight to the railway station, and took train for Hammerstone Market—still with that feeling in my mind that I must know, before everything else, what the boy was going to do.

In the train I remembered that the vessel on which Murray Olivant was supposed to sail with me started that morning; I wondered what was going to happen in that direction, or whether it was already known that we had not sailed at all. The thought of that sent my hand to my pocket in search of the tickets; I found that they were gone.

I searched every pocket wildly, striving as I did so to remember exactly when I had had them last, and under what circumstances. I remembered distinctly taking them from the pocket of the dead man and putting them into my own; knew—or thought I knew—that I had had them at the time when Dawkins doubted my statement about Olivant. But had I produced them for his inspection, or had I merely told him that I had them? I could not be sure of that; I went over and over the conversation of the previous night, only to find myself more and more muddled and vague about it. One dreadful thought came to me; had I by any chance dropped them in that room in Lincoln's Inn Fields where Murray Olivant lay murdered?

I was making my way out of the station, when I felt a quick touch on my arm; I looked round sharply, and saw young Arnold Millard beside me. I suppose my face must have shown in a moment the fear that was in my heart for him, and for his safety; but there was a fine assumption of astonishment in his tones when he spoke to me.

"Why, Tinman, what's the matter with you?" he demanded. "You look as if you'd seen a ghost. What's wrong?"

"What should be wrong, sir?" I asked, as we walked together out of the station. "Have you any news of your brother—of Mr. Olivant?" I looked at him fully, and wondered that his eyes did not shrink from mine.

"The best of news," he exclaimed. "He's shown the white feather, Tinman; he's made up his mind to leave the country. I'm not sorry that he's slipped through my fingers; he wasn't worth killing, was he?"

"No; God knows he wasn't worth killing," I said passionately.

"His flat is shut up, and I'm told he sails this morning; the people in the house even knew the name of the vessel—the Eaglet. I wouldn't believe it at first, but the housekeeper opened the door for me, and let me go all over the rooms. Everything was packed up or covered up; he's going to be away a long time, I should think."

I wondered how he could lie in such a cheerful fashion; my heart ached at the thought that I had sacrificed myself for such a man as this. Of course, I understood that he had a right to protect himself and to suspect everyone who might by any possibility guess his secret; but I would have given anything then to have heard one word from him that even hinted at the truth—to have seen in his eyes the faintest suggestion of fear. I began to understand that in the event of Murray Olivant being identified, that faithful servant Tinman might well hang, after all, for what he had done.

"And so I've come down here, to see if I can get any news of poor Barbara," he went on. "I've a shrewd suspicion that I may hear something of her; I don't think Murray would have bolted like that, unless he had found that the game was up, do you?"

"Miss Barbara is down here—with her father," I said.

He turned to me quickly. "How do you know that?" he asked in surprise.

"I know it—that is all," I said.

Presently he found my slow steps too slow for his impatience; he excused himself, and hurried away at a great rate in the direction of the house, leaving me walking more slowly in his wake, and looking sadly after him. For this was different from anything I had anticipated; this was but a mean slipping-out of the business, with nothing heroic about it. I felt sorry for the child who was to trust her life to him.

It was with a great sense of relief that, as I came nearer to the house I met the elder Barbara. She stopped for a moment on seeing me, and then came towards me rapidly, with her hands clasped at her breast, looking at me. Only then did I remember, miserably enough, on what errand I had set out when last I had seen her, and with what threat on my lips. I realized that my troubles were not over.

"My dear, you have news for me?" she whispered, looking straight into my eyes. "Tell me everything."

"First tell me if you have seen the boy—young Millard?"

"Yes, I've seen him; he's happy enough now. I saw him go to Barbara; there seemed a perfect understanding between them in a moment. They trust each other so completely."

"They trust each other so completely," I replied mechanically. "Well—perhaps that is well. Now for my news, Barbara. What would you wish me to tell you?"

"The truth," she whispered, still looking at me intently.

I thought of the boy, with the brand of Cain upon him, who was at that moment doubtless holding the child of this Barbara in his arms, and whispering that he loved her, and she trusted him so completely! "You want the truth?" I responded with a smile. "Then I have no news for you."

She took me in her arms—there, in that quiet country lane; she spoke to me, as I knew, out of the depth of her great love for me. "The truth, Charlie—the truth to me, at least," she pleaded.

I saw that it had come once again to the parting of the ways for us, just as it had done twenty years before; I knew that for the boy's sake, and for the sake of the girl who loved him, I must again thrust myself out of life. For I must lie to this woman, who held me in her arms and pleaded for the truth. And in giving her that which she must forever believe to be the truth, I must wound her again, as I had wounded her long ago. "You shall know the truth," I said slowly—"if you will promise to do what I ask. Promise."

"I will promise anything—everything."

"I went away from you, meaning to kill Murray Olivant," I said, like one repeating a lesson. "You should know that I do not fail in such a matter. I have killed him." She clapped her hand upon my lips, and looked around her quickly; I took the hand, and drew it away, and kissed it, and went on with what I had to say. "All the world believes that he sails this morning for the Mediterranean; it is possible that the murder will not be discovered. That's the truth."

She clung to me, shuddering; she asked me in a whisper what it was that I wanted her to do.

"Go back to your husband," I said. "It is not he that needs you, so much as the girl. She needs you more than she ever needed you in her life before. Will you keep your promise to me?"

"Yes," she said in a whisper, as her arms fell to her sides—"I will go back to him."

She turned away, and left me standing there, looking after her as she went.

(Continued Next Week.)

Cancer Cured.

CABLE, OHIO.—Mr. E. P. Linvill reports that he has been cured of cancer by Dr. L. T. Leach, of Indianapolis, Ind. He states that the Doctor has a finely equipped sanatorium, but a great many patients are cured with home treatment alone. Mr. Linvill says that everyone afflicted should write to Dr. Leach for his 100-page book, which can be had for the asking.

A Bold Step.

To overcome the well-grounded and reasonable objections of the more intelligent to the use of secret, medicinal compounds, Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., some time ago, decided to make a bold departure from the usual course pursued by the makers of put-up medicines for domestic use, and so has published broadcast and openly to the whole world, a full and complete list of all the ingredients entering into the composition of his widely celebrated medicines. Thus he has taken his numerous patrons and patients into his full confidence. Thus too he has removed his medicines from among secret nostrums of doubtful merits, and made them *Remedies of Known Composition.*

By this bold step Dr. Pierce has shown that his formulas are of such excellence that he is not afraid to subject them to the fullest scrutiny.

Not only does the wrapper of every bottle of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, the famous medicine for weak stomach, torpid liver or biliousness and all catarrhal diseases wherever located, have printed upon it, in *plain English*, a full and complete list of all the ingredients composing it, but a small book has been compiled from numerous standard medical works, of all the different schools of practice, containing very numerous extracts from the writings of leading practitioners of medicine, endorsing in *the strongest possible terms*, each and every ingredient contained in Dr. Pierce's medicines. One of these little books will be mailed free to any one sending address on postal card or by letter, to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and requesting the same. From this little book it will be learned that Dr. Pierce's medicines contain no alcohol, narcotics, mineral agents or other poisonous or injurious agents and that they are made from native, medicinal roots of great value; also that some of the most valuable ingredients contained in Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription for weak, nervous, over-worked, "run-down," nervous and debilitated women, were employed, long years ago, by the Indians for similar ailments affecting their squaws. In fact, one of the most valuable medicinal plants entering into the composition of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription was known to the Indians as "Squaw-Weed." Our knowledge of the uses of not a few of our most valuable medicinal plants was gained from the Indians.

As made up by improved and exact processes, the "Favorite Prescription" is a most efficient remedy for regulating all the womanly functions, correcting displacements, as prolapsus, anteversion and retroversion, overcoming painful periods, toning up the nerves and bringing about a perfect state of health. Sold by all dealers in medicines.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

CLEANING UP THE WORLD.

The International Sunday School Lesson for January 26 Is "Jesus Cleanses the Temple." John 2:13-22.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Society has rarely witnessed a more general cleaning up process than is now under way. Especially in this Western world there is a tremendous agitation over the housecleaning that is in progress in political, commercial, social, civil and religious life. What means this continent-sweeping wave of temperance sentiment? Whence the simultaneous Sunday observance movement in cities large and great? Even New York, Chicago and Denver, to the amazement of the informed, have suddenly shown a zeal for righteousness. How may we account for the widespread purpose of moral purification that pervades the spirit of our time? This is a question which even the men on the street corners are asking one another.

Comprehensively, the answer is that He who cleansed the temple at Jerusalem two millenniums ago is at work still. As a purifier of the human race He has persisted in His ministry ever since that great day early in His earthly ministry when, with indignation flaming from his countenance, He scattered the traffickers before Him from the courts of the sacred edifice. Jesus has been the saving salt of society. Today, in an extraordinary measure, He is exercising His office through his followers. If any one looks closely into the present moral revolution, he will discover that perhaps it is, all unheralded, the long-expected "revival."

A Peep at the Orient.

Most persons are, rightly, more interested in what the Christ is doing today than in what He did twenty centuries ago. It is noteworthy that His work has been of the same sort throughout. A fundamental, unanswerable argument for Christianity is the condition of Christian countries as compared with the non-Christian lands. The old heathendom of Europe has died of its rottenness, or been transformed by the gospel. This is plain history. In its place has come a Christian civilization, by no means perfect yet, but nevertheless headed that way, and wholesome enough to endure and progress. No Christian nation has fallen into decay; although the political lines of Europe have, for a variety of reasons, frequently changed.

There is a tremendous difference between Christendom and heathendom. I know, for I have been there. Some persons, who have never smelled the odors of heathendom, or seen its sights, or listened to its sounds, or studied its social conditions at first hand, are fond of saying that one religion is as good as another, and that it is an impertinence for Christians to send missionaries to India and China and Japan. No open-minded person ever repeats that after visiting the Orient. Even the least Christian of white men in the Far East involuntarily betrays his real sentiment on this point by his contemptuous, disgusted attitude toward the native.

What makes the difference between the East and the West? I promptly answer, The Man who cleansed old Jerusalem's temple. Christ is the factor which differentiates Christendom from heathendom. Conclusive evidence of that lies in the fact that He made isolated social spots and individual lives in the midst of heathendom like unto the best of Christendom. The goodly company of sincere native Christians are proof of the proposition that Jesus is still society's adequate and only Cleanser.

Howls from the Hit.

Why then this chorus of criticisms of the extension of Christianity into heathen lands? Why the howls of rage and hate and excitement from the merchants and money-changers who quailed before the approach of the scourge of small cords? The answer is one and the same. Somebody's vested interests, somebody's illicit pursuits, somebody's forbidden pleasures, have been interfered with. Trampled toes will always produce protests. Ask President Roosevelt, ask the temperance reformers, ask any militant representative of righteousness, if his efforts ever meet other than opposition and enmity from those most directly affected. You cannot clean out any temple without incurring the enmity of the man at the end of the broom.

We are so used to the historic Christ, invested with all the dignity, divinity and authority of the centuries, that a distinct efforts of the imagination is necessary in order to be able to recall that the Jesus to whom drove out the polluters of his Father's house was a humble and comparatively unknown and unauthenticated Galilean Rabbi. The deed was a bold one for a beginner. It meant of a certainty the powerful opposition of the vested interests that centred in the temple; for then, as now, graft has devious ramifications into high places. Indeed, the battle entered upon that day continued relentlessly until his powerful enemies did Jesus to death, outside the city wall; and among the mob who reviled Him as He hung upon the cross there probably were none more vindictive than these same temple traffickers, who felt that at last they had "got even."

The gentle Jesus was a splendid fighter. He had heroism above all other heroes. He knew He could greatly serve neither the world below nor His Father above, without incurring enmities. In His personal ministry, as in the life of His Church, His advent means strife, the coming of the sword. This is a truth to be pondered by those soft, gentle, innocuous persons who desire nothing else so greatly as to have the approval of everybody. All who follow faithfully in the train of the fearless Nazarene must expect to share His enemies and His cross.

Some Ecclesiastical Grafts.

In a year's journey around the world, spent chiefly in the east, I visited the most famous temples, shrines and places of pilgrimage of the non-Christian faiths. I suppose I have half a peck of charms, tokens and idols bought in these places, each guaranteeing me present protection and future felicity if I had in a lump sum all the fees that I have given to greedy-handed priests I could make a substantial contribution to some good cause. This I mention merely to illustrate the "grafts" that abound in the temples of heathendom; even as they had crept into the sacred edifice of the Jews. I recall especially a great Buddhist temple in Osaka, Japan, with expansive courts and many buildings, where I found a regular bazaar under way. Here were the money-changers —those leeches of the east, whom every traveler comes to detest—in this case furnishing the small coins called "temple money" for larger pieces; the venders of idols, ornaments, household goods, second-hand clothing, and merchandise of all sorts and conditions. Hundreds of them squatted on the ground, where their wares were displayed; and they made an interesting present-day picture of what must have been the scene when Jesus cleansed the Jerusalem temple.

It is ever the tendency of institutionalized religion to become corrupt. All through the centuries the church has needed a succession of reforms. So it is today. The expensiveness and inefficiency of official administration in certain denominations are causing widespread mutterings; only a few weeks ago one of the largest of the denominations held an official meeting of men in charge of certain important departments, and the existence of these criticisms was freely and frequently admitted. Ecclesiastical politics beget ecclesiastical grafts. There is no duty concerning herself before the church today that is more important and pressing than this one of keeping herself pure—free from even the suspicion of taint or spot or wrinkle. To do its work, organized Christianity must keep fresh, free, pure and vital.

With all her faults, the church is still the best organization in the universe. This fact Jesus did not overlook. He criticised the religious agencies of His time; but He also supported them. Be it remembered that He went up to the Passover, and therefore to the temple. Moreover, He did not belong to that great company of idly censorious ineffectives who do nothing else but find fault. He did not reject the temple because of its imperfect administration; instead, He set to work to clean up things. For he loved the house of God with a passion so pure and steadfast that He would dare much for its welfare. A "zeal for thy house" consumed Him. So intense was His devotion that He could not permit in silence the continuance of gross abuses.

"Show Me."

After the first tremendous excitement was over—and what a day was that in the ecclesiastical circles of Jerusalem!—the Jews plucked up courage to challenge the authority of this audacious Reformer. "The Missourian's "Show me" is bound to be heard sooner or later. "What sign showest thou unto us, seeing thou dost these things?"

The answer needed not to be spoken. For it was by the right of righteousness. The man in possession of the truth needs no other authority. Truth is its own credentials. And truth makes bold. "The righteous are bold as a lion, but the wicked flee when no man pursueth." There is a higher law than mere police regulations.

"After all, had I a right to do it?" inquired a man who had entered a neighbor's house to prevent abuse of a child. The lawyer friend whom he addressed replied: "Don't you know that when the law is being violated every citizen becomes a policeman?" The responsibility for the remedy of flagrant abuses, in church or in state, rests upon everyone who knows the facts. Jesus did not more than every true man is called upon at times to do when he arrogated to himself the authority to correct a gross evil. He who cleansed the temple is Master and Leader and Example of the men who are cleansing the state and the church.

PILES CURED IN 6 TO 14 DAYS.

PAZO OINTMENT is guaranteed to cure any case of Itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles in 6 to 14 days or money refunded. 50c.

Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

Will somebody please give a recipe for making boots and shoes waterproof without doing injury to the leather?—W., Richwood, O.

Will some reader tell me of a good method of cleaning wall paper on the wall? Would like to know all about it from someone who has had experience.—R., Salem, W. Va.

Vinegar.

B., Harris, Mo.: Draw some of your hard cider off and keep it in a warm place for a few days. Possibly you may thus learn something about cider. I did.—J., Big Rapids, Mich.

To Preserve Meat.

Editor Farmstead: Here is my recipe for keeping meat: After smoking put in a barrel or box, in dry salt, a layer of meat and then a layer of salt, and so on, until barrel or box is full. It will not mould. When a piece is wanted for use take it out and dip it in cold water to remove the salt. Meat put up in this way will keep all summer.—Mrs. M., Mondamin, Ia.

Sulphur for Hogs.

S., Bloomington, Ill.: It is the sulphur in the slack soft coal that the hogs want. The devil is in the hog and he must have sulphur. Humor him.—W., Big Rapids, Mich.

The Hog and the Artichokes.

Artichokes are recommended for hog feeding by F. A. Elford, of Holmesville, Ont. He plants them the same as potatoes and roots, and the pigs harvest the crop, enough seed being left below the reach of the hogs for the next year's crop. He claims that 600 to 2,000 bushels should be grown per acre. The only cultivation given is to go over the land in the spring with a spring-tooth cultivator, working the surface level.

Dr. O. P. Bennett, Macon, Ill., has a bunch of artichokes planted in each of his poultry yards. These make a dense shade during the summer and spring up vigorously year after year. They require no cultivation and frost does not injure them.

The Apple Orchard.

It is claimed by best authorities that an acre of apple trees in twenty years, counting ten crops of fruit in that period, will consume 1,336 pounds of nitrogen, 310 pounds phosphoric acid, and 1,895 pounds of potash. To restore the potash alone would require more than seventy-one tons of high-grade ashes, containing 5 per cent potash. How much of this does the average fruit grower return to the soil? If we were fattening a steer for market and should give it only half rations, how much profit would that steer return?

Pure Air for Animals.

Pure air is something that is very essential to all animals, and the more of it the better it will be for all depending upon it. In the poultry business there is as much room for it as in any other business. In far too many poultry houses the air is so poisoned by gases rising from the droppings improperly managed that but little good can come from the efforts put forth, no matter how near they may be according to what is right outside of pure air. When we speak of pure air we mean pure air and not draughts of air. Draughts of air are very different from plenty of pure air—mild circulating air. This is the secret of the whole air business, and the sooner we come to know it the better it will be for all concerned.

Ventilation is a very good thing if it is properly done, and is all wrong if it is done in a manner that will prove injurious. We have studied the problem up one side and down the other and we have finally discarded all kinds of new fangled devices in the poultry house. In the summer time we have the doors and windows both open in such a manner that draughts of air cannot blow directly upon the roosts, and they are managed so as to exclude vermin but not pure air. In winter, when the chickens are scratching in the scratching room for a part of their breakfast, the roosting apartments are thrown open and cleaned and made as sweet as possible. Then the doors are closed and all is ready for the flock to return again. We feel like saying that it is impossible to have too much pure air. Any person, animal or fowl that breathes air can not get too much pure air. This being the case, why circumscribe them and deprive them of this essential.

The Hessian Fly.

A press bulletin from the Oklahoma agricultural

Rupture

New Scientific Appliance, Always a Perfect Fit—Adjustable to Any Size Person—Easy, Comfortable, Never Slips, No Obnoxious Springs or Pads — Costs Less Than Many Common Trusses—Made for Men, Women or Children.

Sent on Trial

I have invented a rupture appliance that I can safely say, by 30 years' experience in the rupture business, is the only one that will absolutely hold

C. E. Brooks, the Inventor.

the rupture and never slip and yet is light, cool, comfortable, conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting and costs less than many ordinary trusses. There are no springs or hard, lumpy pads and yet it holds the rupture safely and firmly without pain or inconvenience. I have put the price so low that any person, rich or poor, can buy and I absolutely guarantee it. **I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it, and if it doesn't satisfy you send it back to me and I will refund your money.**

That is the fairest proposition ever made by a rupture specialist. The banks or any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that is the way I do business—always absolutely on the square. If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Write me today and I will send you my book on Rupture and its Cure, showing my appliance and giving you prices and names of people who have tried it and been cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies, but a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

C. E. Brooks, 6860 Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich.

TOO PARTISAN TO HOLLER.

Col. W. P. Thorne, the present lieutenant governor of Kentucky, is one of the best campaigners and story tellers to be found in Kentucky. One of the best he is telling in the present campaign runs as follows:

"It was just after W. O. Bradley was elected governor of Kentucky, in 1905, and the Republicans in my county were holding a big ratification meeting. Brass bands, all kinds of floats and banners, and hundreds of men and women and boys had been parading the streets. A young girl claimed that while standing in her front porch, which was almost covered with vines and foliage of different kinds, she was repeatedly hugged and kissed by a young man whom she hardly knew. A warrant was sworn out for her assailant. He was arrested and it was my duty as commonwealth's attorney to prosecute him. John Carroll, who is at present a judge of the Kentucky court of appeals, had been employed to defend him. I soon finished my examination of the witness, and turned her over to Carroll for cross-examination.

"'What night was this?' thundered Carroll.

"'Thursday night,' answered the witness.

"'Thursday night, you say? What time of night?'

"'About eight o'clock.'

"'That was about the time the parade was passing your house.'

"'Yes, sir, the parade was just passing my house.'

"'Streets full of people?'

"'Yes, sir, the streets were full of people.'

"'Did you ever cry out or scream?'

"'No, sir, I did not.'

"'Will you please tell the jury,' asked Carroll with rising voice, 'with the streets thronged with people and this man hugging and kissing you against your will, as you claim, you never uttered a single cry for help or assistance?'

"'Yes, sir, I will tell the jury, and everybody else, that you'll never ketch me hollerin' at no Republican gathering!'"—Judge.

GLOVELESS AT ALTAR.

Brides are going gloveless to the altar. The sleeves of the newest bridal gowns come to the fingers and end in falls of lace that conceal the hands. Fashionable women are going to the theatre gloveless also; indeed, courageous ones have ventured to church in tailor-made gowns without the slightest pretense of hand covering. Mrs. Roosevelt has appeared at concerts and plays in the afternoon without gloves. This fashion certainly will save money for the average girl. Of all ways to deplete the bank account the habit of wearing light gloves is the most effective. Glove bills run up until they put even those of the hats in the shade.

Can Cure Cancer

At Home Without Pain, Plaster or Operation and I Tell You How, Free.

Have Proven Cancer Can Be Cured at Home, No Pain, No Plaster, No Knife.—Dr. Wells.

I have discovered a new and seemingly unfailing remedy for the deadly cancer. I have made some most astonishing cures. I believe every person with cancer should know of this marvelous medicine and its wonderful cures, and I will be glad to give full information free to all who write me and tell me about their case.

Peter Keagan, Galesburg, Ill., had cancer of the mouth and throat. Doctors said, "no hope." Mr. Keagan wrote: "It is only a question of a short time—I must die." Today his cancer is healed up and he is well. My marvelous radiatized fluid cured it. It has other just such cures to its credit. It is saving people every day and restoring them to health and strength. If you have cancer or any lump or sore that you believe is cancer, write today and learn how others have been cured quickly and safely and at very small expense. No matter what your condition may be, do not hesitate to write and tell me about it. I will answer your letter promptly, giving you, absolutely free, full information and proof of many remarkable cures. Address Dr. Rupert Wells, 3145 Radol Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and postoffice address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

The U. S. Navy.

Kindly tell us how the United States navy ranks with the other navies of of world. How many war vessels does the United States own?—O. V. M., Hannibal, O.

The United States navy ranks second among the navies of the world, in this order: Great Britain, United States, Germany, France, Japan, Russia, Italy, etc. The number of men in the United States navy is 38,500. There are 27 first and second class battleships (including those almost completed), 8 armored cruisers, 5 first-class cruisers, 7 second-class cruisers, 16 third-class cruisers, 16 torpedo boat destroyers, 36 torpedo boats, 8 submarines, 10 monitors, 4 wooden cruisers, 40 gunboats, 7 transports, 7 supply ships, 1 hospital ship, 15 colliers, 24 converted yachts, 41 tugs, 5 training sailing ships, and 7 receiving ships.

Joseph Israels.

Please give a sketch of Joseph Israels, the artist.—C. C. F., Napoleon, O.

The Dutch painter, Joseph Israels, was born at Groningen, June 27, 1824. He was a pupil at Amsterdam of Kruseman and at Paris of Picot, and established his studio first at Amsterdam and later at The Hague. Having attempted historical painting with no marked success, he turned his attention to genre work. He found his subjects among fisherfolk and the humbler classes, whose existence, particularly in its more serious or tragic phases, he depicts in a style likened to that of Millet.

Yellowstone Park.

Will you give us a brief descriptive sketch of Yellowstone Park?—Z. A. M., Elizabeth, W. Va.

The Yellowstone Park is a national reserve, intended as a general pleasure ground and game preserve, chiefly in the northwest part of Wyoming, with narrow adjacent strips in Montana and Idaho. It covers a surface, as the park proper, about 62 miles in length from north to south, and 54 miles in width, with an area of 3,500 square miles. To this region, as originally circumscribed, a forest preserve of some 2,000 square miles has been added on the east and on the south, giving a full area to the park of something over 5,500 square miles. The Yellowstone Park, in the manifold type of scenery it presents, and in its exposition of rare geological and physical phenomena, stands alone among the curiosities of nature. It contains profound canons and lofty waterfalls, vast sheets of superimposed lava, lofty volcanic cones ((all extinct), thousands of hot springs, and a hundred or more active geysers. Its general surface is a broken lava plateau, elevated about 8,000 feet above sea-level and surrounded by mountain ridges and buttresses. Among the more prominent mountain summits (nearly all of volcanic origin) are Electric Peak in the northwest (11,155 feet), Mount Washburn in the north (10,-345 feet, Cathedral Peak (10,700 feet), Mount Schurz (10,900 feet), Mount Langford (10,780 feet), Mount Doane (10,715 feet), and Mount Stevenson (10,420 feet), in the east and east-center; Mount Sheridan (10,335 feet) in the south, and Mount Holmes (10,528 feet), in the Gallatin range of the northwest. A portion of the "continental divide" lies in the southwest part. The region is drained by the Yellowstone river, which enters from the southeast, traverses the Yellowstone lake, and passes out from the park in the central portion of the northern boundary, after a turbulent course through deep and wildly romantic canons. Among the more notable locations and objects in the preserve are the Falls of the Yellowstone, the Mammoth Hot Springs in the north, with their striking terraces and basins of exquisitely colored deposits and waters, covering an area of nearly 200 acres. In these basins is the finest exhibition of geyser phenomena to be found on the globe. Among the individual geysers may be mentioned Old Faithful with a jet from 125 to 150 in height. Much the larger part of the park is densely forested, and in its recesses numerous forms of game abound—elk, deer, bear, buffalo, cougar, etc.

"Great Commoner."

Will you kindly inform me through the Question Bureau who was the Republican leader, or speaker of the house of representatives during Andrew Johnson's administration, and if he was known as the "Great Commoner?"—E. D. A., Chicago.

The title of "Great Commoner" was given to Thaddeus Stevens and also to Henry Clay. The phrase was originally used with reference to William Pitt, a great leader in the English house of commons. Thaddeus Stevens was the recognized leader of the house of representatives before and during Johnson's administration, but he was not speaker. He was chairman of the house committee which had charge of the impeachment of President Johnson.

Guns as Weapons.

What weapon was replaced by the gun as a weapon of warfare? We have a dispute among us.—R. E. W., Russellville, Ala.

The use of gunpowder and guns as weapons of warfare took the place, more directly of bows, the long-bow and cross-bow. The cross-bow did not go out of use in the French army till the 17th century. Among the other hand-arms in use before the invention of gunpowder were the sling and the fustibale, or sling with a handle to it.

President for a Day?

Please give an account in the Question Bureau of D. R. Atchison, who was president of the United States for 24 hours. What occasioned it? I read it in your columns about four years ago.—I. V. M., Farmington, Mo.

Here is the story as we frequently find it: David R. Atchison was a Kentuckian by birth and a lawyer by profession. He went to Missouri when a young man and rose to some prominence in the law. In 1841 he was appointed to the national senate to fill a vacancy on the theory, it was said, that he could easily be displaced by other aspirants, but he was elected for a full term in 1843 and re-elected in 1849. In the senate he was popular and was elected president pro tempore for two terms, 1846-49 and 1852-54. During the former term Zachary Taylor was elected President and Millard Fillmore Vice President. March 4, 1849, fell on Sunday, and in consequence they were not inaugurated until March 5, and in this interim of one day Atchison was virtually President, as the constitution makes no provision for the executive holding over.

But in reality Atchison was not President for one day. He did not take the oath of office, which is necessary before a man can become President.

"In God We Trust."

Please give a history of how the phrase, "In God We Trust," was given a place on the United States coins, and when it was first placed there. Who, by law, has the right to determine whether it shall continue to have a place on our coins?—J. M. K., Rinard, Ill.

We cannot tell the circumstances of when and how the phrase, "In God We Trust," was given a place on United States coins. Congress has control of the matter. President Roosevelt says the custom has grown up without legal warrant. He had it left off, and it remains for congress to say whether it shall be given further place on United States coins. Perhaps it will be of interest to our inquirer and readers to repeat what President Roosevelt has said on the subject, in answer to protests that have been made. His letter, given to the public in November, reads as follows:

"When the question of the new coinage came up we looked into the law and found there was no warrant therein for putting 'In God We Trust' on the coins. As the custom, although without legal warrant, had grown up, however, I might have felt at liberty to keep the inscription had I approved of its being on the coinage. But, as I did not approve of it, I did not direct that it should again be put on. Of course, the matter of the law is absolutely in the hands of congress and any direction of congress in the matter will be immediately obeyed. At present, as I have said, there is no warrant in law for the inscription.

"My own feeling in the matter is due to my very firm conviction that to put such a motto on coins, or to use it in any kindred manner, not only does no good, but does positive harm, and is in effect irreverence, which comes dangerously close to sacrilege. A beautiful and solemn sentence, such as the one in question, should be treated and uttered only with that fine reverence which necessarily implies a certain exaltation of spirit. Any use which tends to cheapen it, and above all, any use which tends to secure its being treated in a spirit of levity, is from every standpoint profoundly to be regretted. It is a motto which it is indeed well to have inscribed on our great national monuments, in our temples of justice, in our legislative halls, and in buildings such as those at West Point and Annapolis—in short, wherever it will tend to arouse and inspire a lofty emotion in those who look thereon.

But it seems to me eminently unwise to cheapen a motto by use on coins, just as it would be to cheapen it by use on postage stamps, or in advertisements. As regards its use on the coinage we have actual experience by which to go. In all my life, I have never heard any human being speak reverently of this motto on the coins or show any signs of its having appealed to any high emotion in him, but I have literally hundreds of times heard it used as an occasion of and incitement to the sneering ridicule which it is above all things undesirable that so beautiful and exalted a phrase should excite. For example, throughout the long contest extending over several decades on the free coinage question the existence of this motto on the coins was a constant source of jest and ridicule; and this was unavoidable.

"Everyone must remember innumerable cartoons and articles based on phrases like 'In God We Trust for the eight cents;' 'In God We Trust for the short weight;' 'In God We Trust for the thirty-seven cents we do not pay' and so forth and so forth. Surely I am well within bounds when I say that a use of the phrase which invites constant levity of this type is most undesirable. If congress alters the law and directs me to replace on the coins the sentence in question, the direction will be immediately put into effect; but I very earnestly trust that the religious sentiment of the country, the spirit of reverence in the country, will prevent any such action being taken."

The Pansy.

Will you please give, through the Question Bureau, a description of the pansy? I can find very little in botany concerning this plant.—C. J., Stanton, O.

The pansy is an annual or imperfectly perennial herb. It is a native of Europe, where it has been in cultivation for at least four hundred years, and whence it has been taken to all cool, temperate climates of the civilized world. The plant, which is rarely more than six inches tall, bears long-petaled heart-shaped leaves and large, irregular flowers, which slightly resemble the human face. Its old folk-name, "heart's-ease," signifies remembrance. Few flowers show the effects of care in selection more than the pansy. Naturally, the flowers are borne upon rather short stalks and are less than a third the size of improved varieties, which often attain a diameter of three inches. In dry climates fresh seed must be imported annually, since home-grown seed, even of improved strains, is apt to produce flowers inferior to the imported. The cultivated pansies are grouped in strains rather than as individual varieties, and as a rule exhibit mixtures of blue, white and yellow, although some kinds are all of one color. In the United States and other countries where the air becomes very dry during the summer, the plants generally fail during the hot months, even when planted in shady places, the most favorable situations.

U. S. Bond Issue.

Is it true that the United States has had a bond issue recently of $150,000,000? If this be true, for what was it needed and for what was it used?—B. W., Pennsboro, W. Va.

November 17 last, Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou announced that the treasury would issue $50,000,000 of Panama bonds and $100,000,000 certificates of indebtedness, "or so much thereof as may be necessary." This information was printed in all newspapers and was contained in the columns of The Weekly Blade of November 21. It is well known that this announcement was made to meet the needs of the country at the time, a result of the financial panic. Secretary Cortelyou said at the time that the Panama bonds would afford most substantial relief, as the law provides that they "may be used as a basis for additional national bank circulation." He also stated that the proceeds from the sale of certificates could be made directly available at points where the need was most urgent, and especially for the movement of crops. These bonds bear interest at the rate of 2 per cent per annum. The certificates are to bear 3 per cent. All bids had to be submitted on or before November 30, 1907. Before this date, however, Secretary Cortelyou announced that the amount of issue would be reduced 50 per cent. We cannot tell you the amount issued, but the relief sought came, and made further issue unnecessary.

Will Carleton.

Please give a sketch of the life of Will Carleton, the poet, and oblige.—J. B., Delta, O.

He was born in Hudson, Mich., October 21, 1845. His parents were of New England ancestry, traced back to old England. Will Carleton, while attending a district school, managed to study Latin and a little Greek and continued advanced studies at high school, and from which he walked five miles every day. He had an early fondness for poetry. His chief ambition was to enter college when the course of the high school was finished, but his father was struggling to pay off a mortgage and could not help him, and the young man began to look for a position as school teacher. This he found, and on a weekly salary of $4 saved enough to pay part of his college expenses. He entered Hillsdale college, Mich., in 1865. During his junior year he wrote a political poem entitled Fax, and delivered it in a small town near Hillsdale, meeting with marked favor, and thereby securing engagements from lyceum bureaus and literary societies. While a student, and during an excursion into the country, he chanced to visit a poorhouse, and the following day wrote the first draft of one of his best known poems. This, however, was not immediately published. He was graduated in 1869, and at the public exercises delivered a poem entitled Rifts in the Cloud. He was soon offered a position on a Chicago paper, but in a few months' time returned to Hillsdale, to do journalistic work. In 1870 he became editor of the Detroit Tribune. A number of his poems were well-known by this time, especially the Decoration Day lines, Cover Them Over; but on gathering together what he had written he could find no one to publish the volume, and Poems, his first work, was published at his own expense in 1871. About that time he began to frequent the courts in search of material, and, being impressed by the triviality of the grounds on which most persons based their applications for divorce, wrote the poems Betsy and I Are Out and How Betsy and I Made Up. The first of these, Betsy and I Are Out, was sent to The Weekly Blade. The editor received it and, after casually glancing at the poem, threw it into the waste paper basket. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) found the discarded copy, read it and at once recognized its worth. It was published and copied in many journals, including Harper's Weekly, whose editor requested something new from his pen. He sent Over the Hill to the Poorhouse and later other poems.

Calls to the lecture field were received and in 1872 Mr. Carleton gave up journalism to devote himself to authorship and lecturing. He was the originator of what are now known as "authors' readings," and in his tours he has visited all parts of the United States, the cities of Canada and Great Britain and the American colonies on the continent of Europe. The sales of his books, both in this country and in Europe have been enormous. Since 1884 Mr. Carleton has lived in Brooklyn, N. Y., and for a number of years has been the editor of an illustrated magazine.

We would call our inquirer's attention to a little sketch of Mr. Carleton that appeared in last week's issue of The Weekly Blade.

Sheridan's Black Charger.

F. L., Switz City, Ind., writes: "I noticed an article in your paper of the 16th asking for the color of Sheridan's charger. Your answer was that historians had failed to state the color. In Barnes' History of the United States (page 264) I find a foot-note which states that Sheridan's charger was black."

We are pleased that our friend sent us this information. We were under the impression that the famous horse was black, but could find nothing, in hurried references, to confirm us. Furthermore we are glad that the horse was black. A black, foam-flecked steed seems proper for the poetry of the event at Cedar creek.

Miscellaneous.

R. R. R., Melburn, O.: Rural mail carriers must take a civil service examination. Examiners are provided by the government. In your case the examiners are probably located at Bryan.

P. B. M., Lewisport, Ky.: There are now in the United States, according to the census of 1900, 266,760 Indians. We do not know, and doubt if anybody knows how many were here when the country was discovered.

F. B., Rupert, Idaho: We cannot supply you with the copy of The Blade you want.

G. M. B., Chatham Run, Pa.: Can tell you nothing about the public road laws of Pennsylvania.

L. C., Omega, O.: We can't tell you who the "night riders" of Kentucky are. They are interested in the tobacco war, details of the origin of which we cannot undertake to give.

C. J. F., Wapello, Ia.: So far as we know no such law as you mention has ever been passed by congress.

A. F., Niles, Mich.: The information you want concerning the Pacific fleet was published in the news columns of The Blade of December 10.

R. H., Seneca, S. Dak.: Too many questions. See the Bureau rules.

R. B. B. W., Andersonville, Tenn.: We cannot give you a sketch of Benjamin Wilson.

A. H. J., Lebanon, Va.: We are unable to tell you the total amount of actual work that has been done toward the completion of the Panama canal, and nobody knows how long it will take to complete. For the first seven months of 1907, however, 18,699,080 cubic yards of dirt were removed, but much more rapid progress has since been made, and increased facilities are being constantly added.

M. B. F., Atwater, O.: "The Little Church Around the Corner" is located at 5 E. 29th street, New York. It is of the Protestant Episcopal denomination. The origin of its name we do not recall.

T. M., Marshalltown, Ia.: For the information you want you should write to the general land office, Washington, D. C.

C. D. W., Crabbottom, Va.: We cannot supply you with a copy of The Weekly Blade you want.

I. B. C., Fillmore, Mo.: We are unable to tell you where you may get a copy of the story you request.

S. I. H., Lawrence, Kans.: In stock quotations a "point" means a unit of variation in price per share.

W. H. J., Helena, N. Y.: You should write to the Interior Department, Washington, D. C. Such information as we have has been printed in the news columns from time to time. Any news of land openings appears in that way.

C. P. F., Kelseyville, Cal.: Write to Clerk of Geological Survey, Interior Department, Washington, D. C.

H. M., Lebanon, Va.: The Bureau cannot give a definite answer to your inquiry in regard to libraries of the world.

M. F. M., Golden, Ill.: We cannot answer your question at this time. Later we hope to be able to do so.

B. F. C., Cairo, W. Va.: We cannot tell you how Admiral Robley D. Evans pronounces his first name, but assume that the correct way is with the short sound of "o" as in Rob.

LATEST SILK FAD.

One of the newest fads among the silk buyers is the union of cretonne or Grecian patterned taffeta with rough Shantung weaves. One of the kind has a linen-colored ground broken by links of the Greek key in white, and over it is thrown a rich pattern of flowers and conventional motifs copied from old French linens. It is exhibited with plain natural-colored Shantung much to its advantage. The colored silk will be used for waistcoats, coats and draperies. It also comes in light blue and other soft tones.

DEAFNESS CURED By New Discovery

"I have demonstrated that deafness can be cured." — Dr. Guy Clifford Powell.

The secret of how to use the mysterious and invisible nature forces for the cure of Deafness and Head Noises has at last been discovered by the famous Physician-Scientist, Dr. Guy Clifford Powell. Deafness and Head Noises disappear as if by magic under the use of this new and wonderful discovery. He will send all who suffer from Deafness and Head noises full information how they can be cured, absolutely free, no matter how long they have been deaf, or what caused their deafness. This marvelous Treatment is so simple, natural and certain that you will wonder why it was not discovered before. Investigators are astonished and cured patients themselves marvel at the quick results. Any deaf person can have full information how to be cured quickly and cured to stay cured at home without investing a cent. Write today to Dr. Guy Clifford Powell, 511 Bank Bld., Peoria, Ill., and get full information of this new and wonderful discovery, absolutely free.

IN TIME of SNOW

BY ELIZABETH AYRES

You know how sometimes the snow seems to fall from the skies in merry mood, swirling in swift eddies on the sidewalks, and dancing like mad under the electric lamps and where the lights stream out from uncurtained windows. This is a snowfall whose crisp flakes set the earth a-sparkling, and fill the air with exhilaration. Cold? Of course the air is cold, but it starts the blood to rushing and stains one's cheeks with the crimson of the rose. A mad, merry, tingling, dancing, whirling sort of a snow is this, whose fall glistens the earth, concealing all that is unlovely and leaving nothing but beauty for our eyes to see.

In sombre mood is the "heavy fall," when the snow comes down in large sodden splotches, to lie melting on the pavements and ground, and yet, by multiplicity of numbers, forming a white mass that clings to the earth, coats the roofs of houses, and droops the branches of trees with its burden. There is no frosty crunching under foot with snow like this. Its stealthy downfall lessens every noise. It creates a hush that muffles the sound of voices, and deadens the rattle and roar of the street cars to an indistinct rumble. The air is heavy and still, and clogged with the mass of flakes, descending to earth in steady, undeviating lines. Here and there through the smothering mantle, patches of black appear where the snow has melted and left the ground bare. The lights from the houses and electric lamps show dimly through the snow-thickened air. People move along the streets without sound of footsteps. Quiet and stillness, wrought by the mystery of the snow, brood over the city.

It was nearly six o'clock of a Sunday evening, in the midst of one of these "heavy falls," that two boys walked along a street, which, though flanked on each side with houses built closely together, might have been, for all the sign of human life abroad, a street in a deserted city. One of the boys was dark and tall and slender. He was without an overcoat, and wore his jacket buttoned tightly around his throat as a protection against the weather. His hands were in his pockets. Clasped tightly against his side, under one arm, was a wooden snow shovel that occasionally clattered against his heels as he walked.

The other boy's head, with its red, wool cap, and bobbing tassel, scarcely reached his companion's shoulder. In his hands, which were encased in red mittens, he carried an ancient broom, worn "lop-sided" with much use. He pushed the broom in front of him, clearing a narrow path, so that he might hear his new boots clump. Frequently he glanced up at the taller boy and "stomped" on the pavement to prove the metal of his boots. His round, rosy face was wet and shining with the clinging, melting snow, and his red cap, where the snow had fallen on it, was sprinkled with little globes of moisture.

They moved along slowly for some distance, until the boy with the broom spoke to his companion.

"Frank," he said, "these is dandy boots. I wisht you had some like 'em," Jerry went on. "Let's begin to stop and ask now; maybe we kin git a job and earn you some boots."

Frank looked up and down the length of the street with its stretch of unbroken snow, to which more was being constantly added by the steady fall from the leaden sky.

"I don't believe folks 'll want their sidewalks cleaned tonight. They'd rather wait till morning, 'specially as it's the kind o' night to stay snug and warm inside. They'll think, what's the use of having the sidewalk cleaned when its snowing like it was never going to stop," Frank explained.

"You kin try," Jerry urged, manfully. "We need the money."

"You bet we do," his older brother agreed. "We might as well make a break at this place as any other. Folks that live in a house that looks so grand and bright inside, oughta have some pride about their sidewalks," he argued.

Jerry waited on the pavement, making wide sweeps in the snow with his broom, while Frank went up to the front door of the house he considered promising in appearance. He rang the bell, but it was some time before the door was opened, and when it was swung ajar it was closed again, almost before Frank had opportunity to put the inquiry, "do you want your sidewalk cleaned?"

A curt "no" accompanied the closing of the door; a closing which shut in so much of warmth and beauty. Frank went back to Jerry, and they continued their search for some one who wanted their services.

"They ain't so much," Jerry said scornfully, by way of encouraging his brother.

They made a house to house canvass for several blocks, but without success.

"Don't them folks make you tired?" observed Jerry, whose feet in their new boots were becoming weary with walking through the clogging snow.

"Oh, I dunno," returned Frank, with pretended carelessness. "I didn't think it was much use to come out when it's sowing. Folks don't want their walks cleaned till the storm is over. I dunno as I should myself."

The two boys were left alone in the world by the death of their father and mother. Frank was sixteen years of age and Jerry was just approaching ten. They were of the class of poor who do not cry their needs aloud. Frank assumed the care of his little brother, and was determined they should keep together. They managed to pay the rent of a small room in a tenement building, and this, with its scanty furnishings, was what they called home. Sometimes want pressed them closely, and it was a time of want when they started out on the snowy Sunday evening in the hopes of finding money to supply their need of food and clothing. Jerry was comfortably clad, and his small body was always well nourished. Frank saw to this though he himself went without.

"It costs a lot to cover me," he said, looking down the length of his body, "but Jerry's such a kid, he can get a suit for half the money. He's growing fast, too, and needs to eat more," he added, quite unaware that his reed-like slenderness was caused by his rapid growth and lack of proper food.

And so, side by side they trudged through the snow, receiving refusal after refusal to their request for work. Their first ray of hope came when they discovered the snow had ceased falling, and a pale moon was glimmering through the thinning clouds.

"It's stopped snowing!" Jerry shouted. "Tell 'em so at the next house you stop at, maybe someone 'll want to be dug out."

Frank, knowing from experience that his small brother's business advice was good, mentioned the fact that the storm was over, at the next place where he applied.

The man of the house came to the door, and surveyed the tall, thin boy good naturedly.

"Storm's over, eh?" he remarked, stepping out on the veranda to inspect the sky. Just then the moon silvered the heavens in momentary clearness, as if to corroborate Frank's statement.

"Why, sure enough, it has!" the man exclaimed "Guess we better have the sidewalks cleaned. How much?" he demanded.

"Twenty-five," Frank answered.

"It's a bargain. Go ahead. I'll be glad in the morning that it's cleaned," the other returned. He hastened into his warm home, having had enough of the chill of the evening.

This was the turn in the tide of their luck. The owner of the property adjoining that of the one who had been initiatory in having his walk cleaned, wished to emulate his neighbor's example, and so it went on along the block, until it grew too late for the boys to continue their work. They had earned two dollars by their labor, and with this in their pockets—Frank was scrupulous in dividing equally with his brother—they felt like captains of finance, returning home with their spoils.

"Gee!" said Jerry, rattling the coins in his pocket, "it's great to be rich, things look so diffrunt. When we was working back there for a job and didn't git it, I felt like I wanted to go up and kick a house. Did you feel that way, Frank?"

His brother looked down on the red cap with its bobbing tassel, and smiled whimsically.

"No," he answered, throwing back his shoulders and expanding his narrow chest. "One of these days I'll be coming some, and I've been sizing up the houses so's to know how when I get ready to build."

"Aw, come off!" scoffed Jerry.

At a White House Reception

Experience of the Ordinary Citizen Who Attended One of These Functions.

BY E. B. JOHNS.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 18.—"Going to the President's reception is a heap of fun. It is like this," said a recent arrival at Washington.

"You get an invitation all engraved with your name on it. It has 'White House' embossed on the outside of the envelope, and besides the invitation there is inclosed in the envelope a little ticket inside another envelope. This ticket reads: 'Admit Mr. So and So.' And this comes around to your house not through the vulgar United States mail but by a special messenger straight from the White House. The fellow that brings it to you is all dressed up in a suit of blue and red and has brass buttons, and both he and his go-cart are suitably labelled 'White House' just like the invitation. All this makes you feel mighty grand. You have been singled out in the world. Sometimes, it is true, you do not get all these things but you have a friend who does, and you just take his ticket. It is marked 'not transferable,' but as the man at the door does not ask you your name it makes no difference so far as getting in is concerned.

"Well, armed with this ticket and possessed with the idea that you are among the nation's great because your name is on the invitation list of the President of these United States, you and Mrs. So and So rig yourselves up in your hifalutin clothes, in other words put on a spike-tail, a high hat, and white gloves—you wear other things, too, of course, but it isn't necessary to mention everything—and set out.

"There are two ways of going, walking and riding. The particular Mr. and Mrs. So and So that I know about walked. They said it was better than riding for several reasons not worth while enumerating. About a square and a half from the entrance to the White House you encounter a long row of carriages. These contain people who have come to the reception, or at least who have come this far. They have to wait in that line all the way from ten minutes to an hour. There is also a long line of other people walking—for the unenumerated reasons given above. Falling in at the rear of this line, you stand there and comment upon the headgear of the ladies in front of you, being always careful that they are a goodly number of files in front of you.

"The time that you have to stand in line before you get inside the house has been variously estimated, but it was not very long the night I went. When you get inside the long covered way which leads from the White House to the street on the east, you check your coats and wraps. Then you fall in line. And right there you camp. One ought really to take a camp stool along in order to ward off exhaustion which comes to all except those who have unusually strong constitutions from standing up so long in line. There is nothing to be seen in front, except rows of men and women in evening attire and a worn, wan expression of countenance. They are all going to shake the presidential hand, but it seems there are others ahead of them. After standing there for nearly an hour, while now and then some army or navy officer or some senator passes by, being privileged, the line begins slowly to move.

"In this line are all sorts of people, you know, though not quite as all sorts as were in the line on New Year's day. But there are all ages of men and women, and they come from pretty nearly all the sets of people usually termed 'Washington sasiety.' There are members of congress, chiefs of bureaus, secretaries to congressmen, under-secretaries of legations with their wives and daughters, sometimes with their sisters and cousins and aunts, to whom have been given tickets. And all alike stand in the line and wait, and frown, and some frown audibly.

"But in due season the line moves slowly on, up through the basement of the White House, where until the inauguration of Roosevelt and Roosevelt days the executive offices were, and on up the steps. About time you get to the top of the steps and find yourself on the main floor of the White House, you are greeted with harmonious swells of a magnificent orchestra. The United States Marine band is playing in the large open space just inside the front entrance. You march past this and through the President's private dining room, where the walls are profusely decorated with animal heads, through the 'Red Room' adjoining this, and into the 'Blue Room.'

"Stationed all along the long march at intervals you have passed men, one on each side, sometimes in uniform and sometimes without, who stare at you and run their eyes all over you. They were trying to see if you looked dangerous. Possibly you might be carrying a deadly weapon about your person. But now as you arrive at the 'Blue Room,' you see a very vigorous and nervous looking man shaking hands as if he were working a pump handle, or rather as if he himself were the pump and every person who passed by were giving the handle one pump.

"A very important looking functionary at the door asks you your name. You whisper the name as you blush, hoping that it will not be heard because you have a sort of feeling that everybody ought to know who you are, without asking. The functionary, though, sings out in a loud voice, so that all in the room can hear it, 'Mr. Anderson'—that is, if your name happens to be Anderson. You walk up, give the pump handle a vigorous pump, the pump shows his teeth, and says, 'I am dee-lighted.' He literally says this, too. There is no fake about it. He said that to me.

"To the right of the President stands a long line of ladies. You do not know who these are and nobody tells you. They are dressed up in the finest sort of clothes and of the latest style; that is, you suppose so. They at least look as if they think so, and that is all that is necessary. Some of them smile at you as you pass by, and this embarrasses you very much, if you are timid like I am, for you don't know whether they expect you to go up and shake hands with them or whether they are just laughing at you for being so abashed. I did not go up and shake hands with them, though, because they kept their hands tightly folded. I don't know what they were there for unless it was simply to kind of set off the President and furnish the society reporters a list of names to publish in the 'receiving line.'

"The large East room of the White House, where the magnificent chandeliers, with 6,000 pieces of cut glass in each, and where have been enacted the scenes of the most 'brilliant' (I believe that's the word) weddings in the history of the country, is a goodly sized ball room. Into this the four thousand guests poured after working the pump handle, and thence they scattered themselves around about the place, especially along the main hall of the White House, where the band was playing, and from which one can pep into the three private reception rooms, the Blue, the Red, and the Green rooms. The information got abroad the night I was there that Mrs. Alice Roosevelt Nicholas Longworth was among those present, and the excitement that simple announcement created among the women was simply astounding. They walked all around in every space which was open, craning their necks and pushing against one another in an effort to get to see her. As I walked down the hall amidst a throng of chivalry and beauty and that sort of thing I inadvertently pushed up against a lady. Before I could turn and make my apology, a thing not considered necessary in that crowd, where people were brushing against one another all the time, she was gone.

"Isn't that she you brushed against?' someone asked me.

"Is that who? I replied somewhat puzzled.

"'Why Mrs. Longworth.'

"I looked again as she walked away, and sure enough it was. And there were at least a thousand in that throng who would have given me a dollar-and-a-half necktie to have been in my place. And to think of it! I was all unconscious of the great distinction. Why, I can give lectures to the next generation on how I actually brushed up against the envied sleeve of Alice Roosevelt Nicholas Longworth. Her husband was there, too, but he cut no sort of a figure beside his wife. She did not appear again in the throng after I brushed up against her sleeve. I don't know how she was dressed. All I know is that she had on a whole red speckled effect sort of arrangement which would have attracted attenton to any woman on earth who had worn it. All the society reporters in Washington described it in full, of course, and I read it in the papers this morning.

"All sorts of diplomats and army and navy officers were at this reception, dressed in their gay and fetching uniforms. They seemed to have a splendid time, too, having the crowds stare at them. Now and then a new congressman, or some other official would be introduced to one of these. Representative Edwards met one foreign diplomat. He did not know his name, but a little later in the evening he thought he would introduce his friend Representative Willets, of New York. He was compelled to ask the name of the foreigner. And then it happened he was one of these fellows with a long string of names which would run through two or three lines. He started in to tell Mr. Edwards, and he was getting well along towards the middle of his name, when, in the great rush, he got separated from Mr. Edwards and his friend. I asked Mr. Edwards, later in the evening, who he was. 'I expect to find him after awhile and get the other half of his name,' he said.

"Just at the close the band struck up The Star Spangled Banner, the cabinet officers lined up with their wives and gave a grand procession through the crowd, everyone staring on. They marched through the East room, on into the front of the White House, back into some of the private rooms. Then the band put up its instruments, and the crowd worked its way gradually out and down the stairs, where they got their cloaks and hats and went home.

"They have these receptions every two or three weeks. I don't know whether the same set of 'blooming ijots,' as some people call them, go to them all or not, but I have an idea that if not, then a set very much like them do go. It's a heap of fun, I say, to watch them."

WILLIE'S LAMENT.

Sister Mary's bagged the Duke,
My, but he's a dandy!
Looks just like a Mamaluke
Well preserved in brandy.
Pa and ma are full of glee,
So ain't brother Willie.
Still, a duke's a duke, you see,
Even tho' he's silly.

Sister Gwen has hooked the Count;
Caught him with a million,
Tho' they say his debts amount
Nearly to a billon
Pa and ma are made with joy.
So is Willie—nit.
Still, a count's a count, my boy,
Even when he's bit.

Sister Tilly's got engaged—
Baron Tommy Rot.
But before she get's him caged
Won't he cost a lot?
Sister Mary, Sister Gwen
And dear Sister Tilly,
You have spent so much for men
Nothing's left for Willie.
—New York Herald.

TESTING CONCRETE.

The increased use of concrete in many forms during the past few years, especially for building purposes, has created a great demand for information regarding the structural value of this material. For a numbr of years limited investigations designed to obtain this information have been carried on by a number of investigators throughout the country, but no serious attempt at co-operation in this work had been made until a few years ago, when the United States geological survey, recognizing the need of information and co-operation, procured a small appropriation for making tests of structural material and invited various technical societies to take part in the work.

An advisory board composed of leading engineers throughout the country was at once created and has had general supervision of the work.

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 23, 1908.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

TERMS—POSTAGE PAID.

Single copy, weekly, one year, $1.00; six months, 50 cents; three months, 30 cents. Write for club terms.

SPECIMEN COPIES sent, postpaid, free to any address. Send for one, and at the same time give us the address of a dozen or so of your friends. Address THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio.

Entered at the postoffice at Toledo as second-class mail matter.

Circulation Last Week 181,000

There is never any decrease in the cost of wild oats.

But for the diligent lawyers some men would find it easy to get into jail.

Some of these days the man who isn't a reformer of some kind will be lonesome.

For mere deathtraps Uncle Sam's battleships can do a lot of mighty successful sailing.

Little Cuba must, by this time, certainly see that Uncle Sam is trying to be a father to her.

Taft's fine start must be a great surprise to persons who didn't realize that the race had begun.

Ever notice how little attention Vesuvius receives from the general public when congress is in session.

It appears that, as usual, Mr. Bryan is going to have about everything his own way up to the day of election.

There is a strong feeling abroad that Ohio is going to maintain its proud position as the mother of presidents.

Iowa Republicans have the right idea of harmony. It is to get together for Taft and live happily ever after.

Members of the Thaw family probably never dreamed that a reputation for going crazy would come handy some day.

Anyhow the Fairbanks boom doesn't have to honk-honk anybody out of the way to keep them from getting run over.

A great many people seem to worry more or less about the political situation in Ohio, but most of them live outside the state.

The Stoessel trial is nearing an end, so that it is still possible that the general may know his fate before he dies of old age.

Although nothing is being said about it now, at the proper time, no doubt, Eugene V. Debs will run again for the presidency.

Harry Thaw's attorney is in a trying position. By making the slightest mistake he might prove that his client is too insane.

Senator Jeff Davis has received a $3,000-a-month vaudeville offer, but will stick to the senate at a smaller salary, and work up.

American heiresses keep right on jumping over the precipice. Nothing in the way of divorce history, it seems, will stop them.

It may interest some people to know that the money hoarded during the recent panic did not amount to more than $3.50 per capita.

Try as hard as they may, it is next to impossible for some men to look pleasant when a small boy hits them in the ear with a snowball.

If there are Democrats who are worrying about what their platform is going to be like, they might ask Mr. Bryan. He probably knows.

Secretary Taft predicts that the Panama canal will be finished in six years. Which wouldn't seem a long time if a man had a note coming due then.

Pennsylvania hod carriers are better paid than Pennsylvania preachers. Which fact, however, is not likely to strike the hodcarriers as a huge joke.

Members of congress who can talk fluently may be able to convince the country that they know more about the currency question that anybody else.

Until a reformer has a respectable following he is sure to be called a crank; but when the multitude begins to gather about him he can hold up his head as a great leader.

Those Kentucky night riders might much better have put in the long winter evenings around the stove in the country store, telling how the government should be run.

If Admiral Evans must have rheumatism, it is well that he have it in a strange country, away from the friends who will feel that they must tell him what to do for it.

The prediction that the world is coming to an end has had no influence with the district attorney who is urging the Standard Oil company to pay that $29,240,000 fine.

Says the Washington Post: "Sometimes a little thing like an automobile catalogue will make a man discontented with his lot in life." So will an unpaid bill for repairs.

Secretary Cortelyou recently denied that he said "damu," and now he has taken a swipe at the rumor that he will resign. It isn't right to disturb a man who has the secretary's love of sawing wood.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn does not stop when she has written a book, but does all she can toward making it sell. Among other things she says that American men are moral cowards. Which should make them want to read her book.

"I haven't followed the Thaw trial very closely myself," remarked the man on the car this morning, "but my wife tells me that from what she has read about Evelyn's costumes she doesn't believe the jury will be able to agree on a verdict."

TAFT AND FORAKER.

Addressing the Ohio Society of Philadelphia Secretary Taft spoke kindly of Senator Foraker and took occasion to say that for failure to effect a compromise, he (Taft) and none other, was responsible. His position has been that, inasmuch as the policies of the administration were on trial before the people and Senator Foraker has seen fit to criticize these policies, there can be no basis for compromise. To undertake to placate the senator would be tantamount to the abandonment of principle.

Senator Foraker regarded the statement as an invitation to reply, and he was quick to take advantage of it. He expresses appreciation for the secretary's courteous reference to their former relations and is agreeably surprised to learn that President Roosevelt has had no hand in the game of elimination, which he claims is being played.

But the senator dodges the secretary's contention that there is a principle involved in the Ohio situation. Having succeeded on previous occasions in forcing the hand of the opposition, he cannot see why the same program should not win out now. With him, it is not a matter of principle but of party policy and expediency. He is willing to come to terms, but the initiative must proceed from the other side. He reiterates that he has done nothing to merit elimination. True, he has opposed some of the President's pet measures, but in doing so he has exercised his prerogative as a senator who has a right to think for himself. He has obeyed the dictates of his conscience. Hence he has nothing to retract, and consequently the responsibility for the Ohio conflict must fall on other shoulders.

It is feared the senator either does not understand, or will not acknowledge Secretary Taft's position. Mr. Taft maintains, and rightly, that the question before Ohio Republicans today is "who is our choice for President?" When that is settled and in the due course of time they will be called upon to make choice of senator. It would be presumption on Mr. Taft's part to say to the Republicans of the state that they must express their fealty to Senator Foraker. Many of them no doubt are friendly to the senator and are opposed to any program of elimination. They can take such action as they see fit, for Mr. Taft has no intention of dictating to them. Yet that, obviously, is what Mr. Foraker is covertly intimating when he suggests the political wisdom of getting together.

On the other hand, what if Senator Foraker, with the fact before him, as it is before every intelligent citizen of the state, that Ohio Republicans are overwhelmingly for Taft, should say to his party: "I bow to the will of the majority; you have declared for Taft, and henceforth I am for Taft." From his own point of view he would not be departing from any principle, but he would prove to the people that he could rise above personal pique and jealousy. Such a course would disarm much of the Foraker opposition and quiet much of the criticism that is being leveled at him from all sections of Ohio.

OHIO TAX REFORM.

One of the big questions before the Ohio legislature is that of tax reform. The commission appointed by Governor Harris has made its report and it has been submitted to the general assembly. This commission, composed of tax experts and eminent lawyers, has given much time and consideration to the subject and in public hearings has secured the views of many of the brightest minds in Ohio and the country.

The members of the commission have reached a conclusion, and Governor Harris heartily agrees with them, that to inaugurate the sweeping changes in the taxation system of the state necessary to bring it up to modern and impartial methods it is imperative to amend the constitution, and this is advocated in the report.

With the organic law changed, as suggested, the legislature will have full power in methods of taxation, and until this is done very little can be accomplished in the way of tax reform.

Ohio is far behind many of the other states in the matter of taxation laws. The system is antiquated and any change must be for the better. A half century ago the men who framed the state constitution declared that all property should be taxed at its full value and on the same basis. Since then the entire state has been revolutionized with the result that inequalities exist, laws are evaded and men perjure themselves to escape their just share of taxation. Some men pay more than their share and others who should pay much are taxed little or nothing.

The commission has given the whole question that thought which its importance demands and the legislature will no doubt follow its suggestion and submit a constitutional amendment to the people for their ratification or rejection.

A DUBIOUS SITUATION.

In a two-column review of the Japanese immigration question, the Washington Post makes the sensational announcement that the result of an investigation recently made by immigration officials is being suppressed, pending efforts to bring Japan to terms. According to the Post, this report virtually condemns Japan of bad faith.

Moreover, the Post alleges that in spite of Aoki's denial, he has given our diplomats to understand that Japan would take offense should congress pass an exclusion act.

The negotiations have progressed to a point, apparently, where it has been put up to Japan to give practical demonstration of her desire and ability to control the emigration of her laborers. If, as it is alleged, in spite of Japan's promise, the number of Japanese coming to these shores has doubled, and in some instances quadrupled, during the last year, this government is justified in requesting the adoption of more effective measures. But it seems strange that all the information given out by the authorities has shown the exact contrary to be the case; that Japanese immigration has been checked and that differences between the two countries are being adjusted without friction.

The situation, according to the Post, has resolved itself to this: Ambassador O'Brien is endeavoring to convince Japanese diplomats of the necessity for keeping their laborers out of this country; that failure to do this effectually means the passage of an exclusion act. Japan, on the other hand, objects to any discrimination against her people that would seem to take her out of the "favored nation" class on the ground that it is an assault upon her dignity.

One of two things is apparent: either the government, in the hope of reaching an early settlement of the dispute, is withholding information calculated to arouse a hostile feeling for Japan, or there is a well-organized effort in this country to precipitate trouble. While conservative people opposed the sending of the fleet to the Pacific, and accepting statements from officials as authentic have been unconcerned over the discussion of the immigration question, recent developments, coupled with constant agitation here and abroad, have shaken their equanimity to a degree. Full confidence will not be restored until the matter has been finally and permanently adjusted.

TOO LATE FOR THE RESCUE.

The New York World is essaying the role of Diogenes for the Democratic party with some spirit, but we fear the light in its lantern will flicker out for lack of oil before its quest is successful. "A man must be found—and soon," declares the World, "if the Democratic party is to be saved from falling into the hands of William J. Bryan as permanent receiver."

And "Marse" Watterson, from his sanctum in the Blue Grass belt, taking heed of the World's patriotic efforts, shakes his great head sadly and moans, "Too late; too late!"

These two newspapers—the World and the Courier-Journal—are typical of their party. When Watterson was imploring Bryan to retire for some other Democrat whom Watterson had in the background the World was silent, but now that Watterson has abandoned all hope and is prepared to endure another dose of Bryanism the World suddenly comes out of its trance and out-Watterson's Watterson in its zeal to rescue the party from certain disaster. They do not pull together, but, like a team of ill-matched draught horses, see-saw away their strength which, if exerted synchronously, might lift the load out of the morass.

WAR TALK NONSENSE.

"Any suggestion that we are to have war with Japan is utterly absurd. She doesn't want it. We don't want it. Under these circumstances it is hard to understand how we can be brought into conflict." This was the message delivered by Secretary Taft to the Ohio Society in Philadelphia this week, and he based his statement on his information as a member of the President's official family and also on his observations during his recent visit to Japan.

At the same time the secretary declared it to be his opinion that the voyage of the American fleet to Pacific waters would be of great advantage to this nation as a peace persuader, because Orientals think with their eyes, and this demonstration will furnish an excellent object lesson of Uncle Sam's naval resources.

Little by little the country is beginning to learn that the dispatch of Evans and his Jackies to the western coast was not solely for the purpose of practice, but to acquaint the Asiatics with the fact that Uncle Sam's navy is the real thing and not a papier mache weapon.

Secretary Taft already sees good results growing out of the bold stroke. He says there is less hostile talk and an increasing disposition to discuss differences without heat. His optimism should have a sedative influence on the jingoes who have been filled with forebodings ever since California sought to drive the Japanese out of her public schools.

TAFT GAINING EVERY DAY.

The Washington Post applied the referendum to the Republican members of the house on their choice for President, and ascertained that fully one-half were outspoken for Secretary Taft. One of the surprising disclosures of the poll was the strength shown by Taft in New England.

The value of this vote lies in the fact that congressmen, being in active politics, are very apt to reflect the sentiments of their communities, and hence the result should indicate with a near approach to accuracy, the choice of Republican districts throughout the country. Moreover it should be taken into account that there are numerous candidates, several of whom will command the support of their own states. To get at the real strength of Taft, the inquiry should have been extended to second and third choice, and we doubt not it would have shown that with the elimination of these sectional candidates, Mr. Taft is easily the choice of two-thirds or three-fourths of his party.

Why congressmen favored the secretary in preference to other candidates is condensed as follows:

"He has had an exceptional experience in national life, and is well fitted, both by disposition and training, for the office of chief magistrate.

"He is a big, broad-gauged man, who stands for efficiency and progress, and would, if elected, carry out the policies of President Roosevelt, at the same time being his own president.

"This is no time to go backward; I am for the man the President believes capable of carrying out his work."

That is, it is the prevailing opinion among Republicans that Mr. Taft combines ability and availability to a degree that no other candidate does. There is no mistaking the fact that the people want the general program of the present administration continued, and even if the President had not indicated by word or action that Taft was equipped for the work, the secretary's brilliant record as a positive part of the administration furnishes the answer to the question.

Then, too, Mr. Taft has added to his popularity by his recent speeches in the east. His discussion of industrial and economic problems before a Boston assemblage revealed to his auditors that he was something more than a mouthpiece of the President. When he braved a hostile and disputative people at Cooper Union and transformed apathy into approbation, he scored a magnificent victory and won the good-will of many of his harshest critics who found that Mr. Taft was capable of handling himself well in delicate situations.

The truth of the matter is, at the very outset and anticipating that Roosevelt preferred Taft, the enemies of the administration proceeded to mass all the arguments obtainable to show the weakness of his candidacy. They exhausted their resources in this direction, yet in spite of these, Taft sentiment refused to subside. The war secretary was at the ebb of his popularity on the first day his candidacy was formally promulgated, and from that hour the oposition has been gradually melting before the rays of investigation. The more the people see and hear of him and of his public service, the closer they cling to him.

For Secretary Taft is a candidate who wears well.

COLLEGE MORALS.

If Professor Kay, of Washington and Jefferson college, is correct in his conclusions, that institution of learning is responsible in no small degree for the political scandals that have convulsed the great state of Pennsylvania.

The professor ventures the opinion that more students and graduates of Washington and Jefferson college "have occupied positions of prominence in the commonwealth than from any other institution," and he declares positively that "the principal difficulty at this school is the political machinations of the undergraduates and their corrupt methods of manipulating college affairs. This has debased the college athletics and college spirit." And referring to Pennsylvania spoilsmen, he adds: "The vile methods they learned at college have been carried with them into the state's offices."

Coming from a professor of the college, this is a severe arraignment, and we should think one demanding a careful investigation. It is a reflection on the college and its faculty, for it betokens a lack of discipline wholly incompatible with the professed aims of every educational institution.

Nor is The Blade inclined to the opinion that this college stands alone in the shadow. We have frequently commented on the growth of gambling in American colleges and discussed other evil tendencies of which gambling is the origin. But it is a fact that the gaming spirit has developed, apparently unchecked, which leads to the conclusion that the college government is either indifferent, perhaps equally culpable, or ignorant of what is going on, an alternative that seems incredible. Surely if the administrative bodies of these institutions were composed of moral men, fully appreciative of the double responsibility they assume, and were cognizant of conditions, they would take prompt steps to correct them. Failing in that, they must not complain if they are held answerable for the consequences.

But it seems there is need of more courageous educators like Professor Kay, who will speak the truth and force a regeneration in our colleges before the conviction becomes general that Richard T. Crane is not far from the mark when he scoffs at the higher education. We may not be confirmed skeptics merely because our boys return from college filled with theories and somewhat impractical, for a little patience will overcome the difficulty in most cases; but if they come back with habits formed that mean a handicap for the rest of their lives, there is ground for righteous indignation.

HELPING OUT CHINA.

Very properly the senate of the United States, acting on the recommendation of President Roosevelt, has voted to relieve China of nearly $13,000,000 of the obligation growing out of the Boxer uprisings.

The original award amounted to nearly $30,000,000, every cent of which the government can collect, if it so desires. But the President, acting in a spirit of amity and fairness, suggested to congress the advisability of remitting that amount, which represents exemplary damages, and accepting such a sum only as will reimburse us for the damages actually incurred by in dividuals and for the nation's expenses in sending our warships to the scene of the outbreak.

Formal announcement of the President's intention was made several months ago to the Chinese ambassador who, in turn, conveyed the appreciation of his government, and now that the senate has confirmed the offer China will be promptly released from a liberal part of her obligation.

This voluntary remission of a debt that is acknowledged by the law of nations to be just and reasonable is practically unknown in history. But it is recognition of a principle that should obtain among all nations, and if it establishes a precedent other countries sooner or later, will share in a benefit that today is exclusively for China. Damages should not be assessed against an offending nation in proportion to its ability to pay, but with a view to repairing the injury inflicted.

WHO ROCKED THE BOAT?

Certain Democratic orators in congress seem to take special delight in attributing to President Roosevelt the blame for the recent panic. And there is a suspicion that their voices are pitched just a trifle higher to accommodate certain members on the other side whose ears are attuned to that kind of music. It is noticeable, too, that since the opening of congress, statesmen in foreign lands discussing the money situation of the world, have laid the stringency at the door of the President as an original discovery.

Now it is acknowledged on all sides that the financial skies are clearing, the wheels of industry are acquiring their normal speed and the people are recovering from the fright that impelled the withdrawal from circulation of hundreds of millions of dollars. The stock market, which nearly collapsed beneath the weight of liquidation, is catching its breath and traders are preparing for a season of buoyant activity.

If the President were responsible for this loss of confidence, what has he since done or what has been done to him to reverse the current? He has not changed his policies. If he has amended his utterances which were so offensive to Wall street, the people are not aware of it. There are no surface indications that the administration has suspended its program of prosecuting the rich malefactor and the lawless corporation. Affairs of the government are moving much the same as they were a year ago.

But no one will deny that something has occurred to reassure the people else the financial ship would still be pounding on the rocks of distrust. And the truth is that the history of the flurry furnishes a ready solution to the whole affair. It was a Wall street manipulation pure and simple, but the effect was not what was anticipated. Instead of forcing the administration to about face, the conspirators came near pulling the temple down upon themselves. It was the speculators who were hard hit while the conservative business interests emerged with scarcely a scratch. The utter failure of the movement and the house cleaning that was promptly begun to make a repetition of the experience more difficult have proved to the people that the days of Wall street domination are past. And that of itself begets confidence.

But the very fact that the financial ship is getting back on an even keel without the President changing his position should convince the intelligence of the country that it was not he who rocked the boat.

NO CURRENCY BILL.

The conviction is gaining ground in Washington that congress will adjourn without amending the currency laws. The disposition seems to be to get the whole matter into a tangle so inextricable that nothing will be done. The Aldrich senate bill is being vigorously opposed in many quarters and there is little hope that the radical Fowler bill will get out of the hands of the house committee.

The Democrats, no longer confronted by an emergency situation, are enjoying the confusion which the question has created in Republican ranks and are doing all they can to increase it. The rapid recovery of the country from the panic scare may furnish a solution and result in submitting the problem to a commission with instructions to investigate and report to the next congress. The present disposition is rather to delay action than to take a chance of making a tactical blunder on the eve of a presidential election.

AN EFFECTIVE ORGANIZATION.

In an address in an eastern city some days ago, a wealthy distiller declared that the best officered and best disciplined body in the country today is the Anti-Saloon League, and he is probably right.

The reason for it is that officers and managers are backed up by a large and active army, every part of which is working heroically with every other part. There is no quibbling and no discussion. The enormous membership of the Christian churches is back of the organization and all the strength of the movement is directed against one object—the saloon.

Not many years ago, prior to the advent of the Anti-Saloon League, the temperance forces were divided, and apparently little was accomplished. On the other hand, the well-officered and well-disciplined army was in the other camp. The brewers, distillers and saloonkeepers worked together, and with equal adroitness pulled apart the temperance forces. Those were the days when the saloon was a power in politics and when both parties were making obeisance to the beer keg.

It required time for the Anti-Saloon League to get down to a working basis. Like every other organization, it had to pass through its formative period. Mistakes were made and the big army back of it did not know or understand its power. Ohio led in the work, and here its force was first felt. It beat down party barriers and took the saloon out of politics, and that of itself marked the beginning of the end.

Profiting by its own errors, the league became more efficient and at the same time its followers learned what can be accomplished by pulling together. As the managers disciplined the army, the army demanded greater efficiency on the part of the leaders, until today, as the distiller said, the league is without a peer in discipline and counsel.

The trustees of the league in Ohio met this week in annual session and found the work in first-class condition, with many victories and few defeats to mark the past year. The churches are united, sentiment is more fully aroused and the people are supporting the organization more generously than ever before.

The trustees, in their report, properly give hearty approval of the efficient and faithful work of Superintendent Wheeler and of the officers associated with him. They have produced results, and results are what the trustees, as well as the big temperance army, are after. The league is keeping its forces together, while it is now the other fellows who are divided and in such a groggy condition as to be almost ready to take the count.

TWO MODES OF DEFENSE.

The audacity of a Delmas who sought to furnish Harry Thaw with a "brain storm" defense, evidently finds no merit with Martin Littleton. The Delmas contention that Thaw was a rational human being, except during the brief period when he took the life of White, was a bold stroke, and if it had won, would have given the murderer a double victory—acquitted him of crime and accredited him with being of sound mind. It was an effort to steer between the Scylla of Sing Sing and the Cherybdis of Matteawan.

In marked contrast Advocate Littleton is concentrating all his efforts to convince the jury that Harry Thaw was handicapped from birth, that he inherited a weak intellect and exhibited irrational tendencies throughout his early youth. He was queer at school, unable to concentrate his thoughts and possessed of staring eyes. He would do the most unaccountable things and frequently showed lack of control.

With such a foundation, the defense will trace Thaw's history up to the very moment the crime was committed. Assuming that Thaw was as irrational in his school days as he is declared to have been by a score of witnesses, the life that he subsequently led tended to increase his natural infirmities. His numerous escapades, the utter lack of moral perception as proved by his relations with the Nesbit girl, and the subsequent marriage in spite of the knowledge he had of her history, all point to an unbalanced mind.

There is nothing unusual nor mysterious about the Littleton program. The Brooklyn lawyer is conducting the defense squarely on the ground of insanity and keeping away from the speculative theories that were made conspicuous in the former trial. His fixed purpose is to prove that his client was insane when the fatal shots were fired and therefore not accountable.

And then what? Suppose Jerome is forced to yield this point and immediately asks for the appointment of a lunacy commission with a view to sending Thaw to Matteawan. That is another story and may require different handling. It will then be up to Jerome to prove his claim and up to Littleton to combat it. The fact that Thaw has been forced, by his long confinement, to change the habits of a lifetime may be valuable aid to him at this juncture of the proceedings.

But the public owes something to Judge Dowling and Attorney Littleton. The former has discountenanced the stage effects which added to the notoriety of the case in the first trial, and the defendant's attorney by his matter-of-fact methods, has subordinated the woman and concentrated interest on the man in the prisoner's box.

LAWYER AND LANDLADY.

The woman, was in the box, and she was a very nice-mannered, respectable woman, who kept a cheap boarding house, and it was the desire of one of her guests to be dishonest that had brought her to the court to make him pay his board bill.

"How old did you say you were, madam?" inquired the lawyer, with no reason on earth, for an elderly landlady is no more anxious to lose a board bill than a young one.

"I did not say, sir," she responded, flushing to the roots of her hair.

"Will you be kind enough to say, madam?"

"It's none of your business."

"Objection sustained," smiled the judge.

"Um," said the lawyer, rubbing his chin. "How much did you say the amount was the defendant owed you?"

"Three pounds."

"And for how long was that?"

"Three weeks."

"That's one pound a week, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"Three weeks at one pound a week is three pounds, I believe you said?"

"Yes, sir."

The witness was patient, but her temper was not improved under the strain.

"Isn't that an extravagant price to pay for board in your locality, madam?" inquired the lawyer severely.

"He didn't pay it, sir," answered the worm, beginning to turn.

The lawyer gave a little start of surprise, then became indignant at the very thought of a witness talking like that.

"Don't be facetious, madam," he said, assuming one of warning. "This is a serious matter, I have asked if your prices were not exorbitant, and you have seen fit to answer lightly, madam. Now, madam, I ask you in all earnestness, if you mean to tell this court that your prices are moderate and that if I should come to your house to board you would charge me one pound a week? Answer directly, madam," and the barrister squared his shoulders and assumed an imperial manner.

The witness was not at all abashed.

"No, sir," she said, simply, "I would—"

"I thought not, I thought not," interrupted the lawyer, bending over and rubbing his hands.

"No, sir," continued the witness, "I should not charge you at all. I should make you pay in advance."—Tid-Bits.

LAST OF THE MONTAUKS.

Henry Green, a Montauk Indian, has the distinction of being the first of his race admitted to Sailors' Snug Harbor, on Staten Island. Green is 82 years old and was for thirty years a sailor.

Indians have taken naturally to a seafaring life. On the Columbia river they were fine salmon fishermen. In Atlantic waters they gained a reputation for hardihood as whalers. From the settlement at Gay Head, on Martha's Vineyard, made by Indians who crossed from the mainland in canoes, Nantucket derived its best harpooners. Was not the redoubtable Tashtego of the "Pequod" a Gay Header? The Shinnecock Indians have won fame as daring seamen. They have supplied numerous recruits for the United States life-saving service. Is their death chant of defiance from the rigging of their wrecked Circassia forgotten? The shores of Long Island are thickly strewn with the bones of Shinnecock sailors.

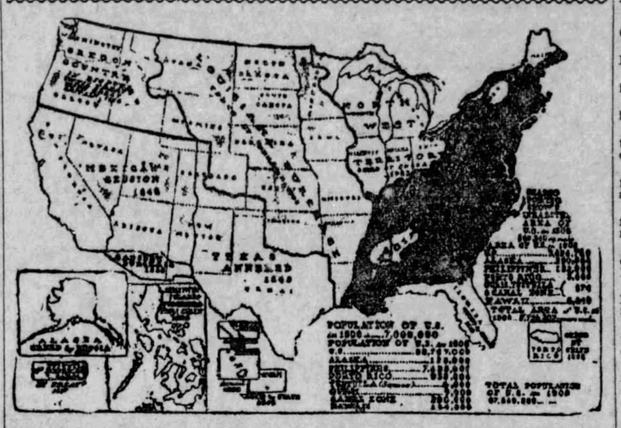
To Green's distinction of being the first of his race to enter the old sailors' haven must be added that of being perhaps the last of the once flourishing tribe which dominated the eastern end of Long Island. Decimated by pestilence in the seventeenth century, the Montauks were attacked by the Narragansetts and dispersed. Their name is now a geographical expression. A theater, a club and a bank recall it to Brooklyn. But as long ago as 1870 the number of Montauk Indians surviving on Long Island was less than a dozen. Of the Narragansetts only a small remnant of mixed blood lingers in Rhode Island. The "Gay Headers" are all but gone. The Shinnecock tribe musters a few score at most. It is a mournful chapter of racial extinction.—New York World.

DRAMATIC INSTINCT.

Prof. Brander Matthews, in a lecture on theatrical conventions to a class in dramaturgy, the other day, told the following story:

"A little girl had dramatized a sofa pillow into a horse, and had ridden on the horse to her mother's knee. 'Horsy is thirsty, mamma,' she said. To humor her, the mother brought a glass of water, but the little one carefully emptied the water in a jardiniere before offering the glass to her pillow. 'A pertended horse ought to drink pertended water,' she remarked, gravely."—Harper's Weekly.

OUR GROWTH IN A CENTURY



SHADING SHOWS WHERE THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES WAS GROUPED IN 1808.

The American of today can scarcely imagine the America of a century ago. The country had still 22 years to wait for the railroad and 17 for the Erie canal. Civilization, such as it was, crept slowly westward in Conestoga wagons. The cotton gin and the mowing machine were yet to revolutionize rural industry, and in effect to fight the civil war—the former by giving the south a great staple export, the latter by releasing the men of the north from the back-breaking bondage of the scythe to fight. The telegraph and the telephone were undreamed of.

In little things less thought about the "good old times" were lacking. There were no matches. There were no cooking ranges. Coal was not used as fuel. There were neither electric light nor gas, nor petroleum. The "creamery" and the neighborhood cheese factory, the greatest triumph of co-operation in the new world, had not relieved farm women from the killing toil of the dairy. Women, too, were chief sufferers in that warm underclothing and rubber shoes were unknown.

The population was 7,000,000, desperately poor, and largely illiterate. The great Louisiana purchase of 1803 had given it space to grow, but there were more Indians than white men west of the Mississippi. The people were thinly scattered about the 13 original states. The federal revenue was $16,000,000.

Today we are a nation of 98,000,000 suols, including the insular possessions. The foreign commerce of 1908 will probably be 100 times as large as that of 1808. The public revenue will be more than 40 times as great. In spite of the financial panic the condition of the people is incomparably better than it was 100 years ago.—New York World.

A SAINT'S ECCENTRICITIES

Famous Hindu Fakir Who Spoke a Strange Language.

The famous fakir, Bawa Moni Sahib (the silent saint), during his long fifty years sojourn at Mirpur never uttered a single word which could be understood by anyone around him. What wondrous tongue he spoke no man knows.

Every day hundreds of pious people, men and women, flocked around him to pay homage and adoration. Since his boyhood, it is said, he had lived stark naked, resolutely disdaining even a loin cloth. He abode in a public lane which was always full of busy people, yet he moved as he listed in his sacred nudity, neither ashamed nor causing shame.

His age was well over a hundred years. The saint never touched gifts; indeed he meekly spurned them. A devout Sikh priest looked tenderly after him and gave him morsels of food with his own hands. For days, however, he would refuse to partake of food.

The corpse, after being taken around the city, followed by horses and palanquins fitly caparisoned for so grand a burden, was buried. The concourse of mourning people who followed the solemn procession mustered quite 20,000 strong.

THE COW AND THE GATE.

When I was a bucolic treasury clerk in Washington, the cow of an old Irish woman near by used to peep through the cracks in my garden fence at my growing corn and cabbage till her mouth watered. Then she saw that a place in the fence yielded to me and let me in, so she tried it; she nudged the gate with her nose until she hit the latch and the gate swung open and let her in. There was an audible crunching of succulent leaves and stalks that soon attracted my attention. I hustled her out and sent a kick after her that fell short and nearly unjointed my leg. But she was soon back, and she came again and again till I discovered her secret and repaired the latch so that nudging or butting the gate would not open it.

How surely such conduct as this of the cow's evinces reason to most persons. But shall we not rather call it the blind gropings of instinct stimulated into action by the sight and odor of the tender vegetables? Many of the lowest organisms show just as much intelligence about their food as did the old cow.

Even the American sun dew, according to Mrs. Treat, will move its leaves so that it can seize a fly pinned half an inch from it. The method of the old cow was that of hit or miss, or trial and error. She wanted the corn, and she butted the gate, and luck would have it, when she hit the latch the gate swung open. But shall we conclude that the beast had any idea at all but the sense impression made upon her hunger by the growing vegetables?

Animals do not connect cause and effect as we do by thinking the "therefore;" they simply associate one thing with another. Your dog learns to associate your act of taking your hat and cane with a walk, or your gun with the delights of the chase, or with its report, if he is afraid of it, and so on.

Without this power of association the birds and beasts could not get on in life; the continuity of their experience would come to pieces if it a made kind of memory-sense memory. A sense impression today revives a sense impression of yesterday, or of the day before, and that is about all there is of it.—"Animal and Plant Intelligence," by John Burroughs in the Outing Magazine for December.

A NEW KIND OF DEFENSE

Miss Lydia Conley, a clever Wyandotte girl, is the only Indian woman lawyer in the world. She is a member of the Kansas bar, and at Kansas City, anent a recent Indian case that she conducted, she told an interesting legal story.

"So I put my man on the stand," she said. "That, if your case is a just one, is always the thing to do. You know the story of the Kansas land claimant?

"Well, out here many years ago a man brought suit before the squire to recover some land that had been outrageously filched from him. His case was a good one, but the other side had doctored the plaintiff's witnesses, too—and up to the time when he took the stand himself, not a jot or title of testimony in his favor had been recorded.

"He, as soon as he was sworn, turned to the justice and said:

"'Squire, I brought this suit, and yet the evidence, excepting my own, is all against me. Now, I don't accuse any one of lying, squire, but these witnesses are the most mistaken lot of fellows I ever saw. You know me, squire. Two years ago you sold me a hoss for sound that was as blind as a bat. I made the deal and stuck to it, and this is the first time I have mentioned it. When you used to buy my grain, squire, you stood on the scales when the empty wagon was weighed, but I never said a word. Now, do you think I am the kind of a man to kick up a rumpus and sue a fellow unless he has done me a real wrong? Why squire, if you'll recall that sheep speculation you and me—'

"But at this point the squire, very red in the face, hastily decided the case in the plaintiff's favor."—Arkansas Gazette.

EARRINGS HERE AGAIN.

There is no doubt that earrings are once more receiving the sanction of the ultra modish, and though many women stoutly vow that they will never wear them again they will come around to it if the fad attains considerable proportions. Not only are earrings worn, but the very long drop earrings are considered especially chic. They are becoming to some faces, but have not even that advantage in other cases, and the bizarre ideas being exploited in Paris are not likely to find favor with women of fastidious tastes. Rejane, for instance, has been wearing long earrings of black and white pearls. One of the pair has the black pearl next the ear and the long drop of white pearl. The other ring reverses the positions of the black and white pearls. This sort of thing, though acclaimed by Parisian critics, is sheer freakishness.

VARIETIES

Brazilian cocoanut palms live from 600 to 700 years.

Cubans protested against action of President fixing date for freedom.

Thousand men engage in a tiger hunt in the vicinity of Petersburg, Ind.

The world's total hop crop for 1907 is about 1,947,000 hundredweight.

Rear Admiral Evans will offer prizes to engineers of warships to increase efficiency.

Macauley said that no man need ask for better food than plain roast beef and baked potatoes.

With only half the counties heard from Secretary Taft is assured of a big majority in the Ohio convention.

Body of woman dressed in man's clothing found among victims of Boyertown fire disaster.

Mae Wood, in her divorce suit in New York, declares Senator Platt paid $10,000 for the return of letters.

In spite of present facilities, contracts are out or bills asked for a dozen new railway lines in England.

A sacred Chinese turtle, having an imperial tag attached to it, was caught in San Francisco bay the other day.

Russian contractors have protested against the placing of the new warship contracts with British firms.

Pastor resigns from wealthy Michigan church because millionaires in his congregation will not "shell out" salary.

Alabama and South Carolina each have laws prohibiting the carrying of pistols less than 24 inches long.

In Russia there are 17,000,000 children between 6 and 14 years who are receiving no education whatever.

George S. Nixon, senator from Nevada, has a ranch of 45,000 acres in Wyoming under fence and a farm of 8,000 acres in Nevada.

Ohio man writes Evelyn Nesbit Thaw that he is a double of her husband, and for $3,000,000 will take the prisoner's place in his cell.

When a man was summoned at North London police court for not sending his daughter to school he said she was his twenty-first child.

Attorney General Bonaparte announces that he will soon commence the prosecution of the coal railroads for violation of the interstate commerce law.

William Westcoat, of Glassboro, N. J., received a shower of 40 packages of tobacco on his birthday recently, instead of the customary postal cards.

Witness summoned by the defendant of the Snell will creates a sensation in the case at Clinton, Ill., by swearing that the dead millionaire was insane.

Over $700,000 is invested in the training schools, hospitals, homes and other institutions of the deaconesses of the Methodist church in this country.

Brother of Count Szechenyi arrives in New York and indignantly denies that there has been a marriage settlement between his family and the Vanderbilts.

Daniel Wingate, of Somersworth, N. H., although 82 years old, took a 14-mile tramp into the country recently and returned almost as fresh as before.

The most wonderful, costly and magnificent garment in the world is the state robe of the Queen of Siam, which she wears about once a year.

The total number of letters handled in the postoffices of Great Britain in the year 1906-'07 was 2,800,000,000—an average of 64 for each inhabitant.

The Church Missionary society of Great Britain now has 1,385 European workers with 8,529 native assistants, its work having increased fourfold in twenty years.

Last year England imported 2,255,000,000 eggs from Russia, Denmark, Germany, Belgium, France, Canada and other countries, the total value of which was £7,980,137.

The season's record for fish was broken at Portland, Me., the other day when 10 fishing vessels which came in the previous night landed 135,000 pounds at the market.

Charges are made in Denver that the money of the taxpayers is being wasted in the erection of the big municipal auditorium in which the Democratic convention is to be held.

Until Miss Roosevelt makes her debut, the twin daughters of Postmaster-General Meyer are the only really young girls of the official circle of Washington society.

Professor Shaw, of the Michigan experiment station, has ascertained that it costs $28.55 for feed to sustain a calf from birth until one year old. It was of the Holstein breed.

Fight against Taft is begun in the senate, Foraker and Dick blocking the appointment of four Ohio postmasters supposed to be favorable to the candidacy of the secretary of war.

A certain Birch Harbor, Me., young lady is combining pleasure with profit. Her latest fad is trapping. She catches crows and skunks, while a fox that she recently captured netted her $8.

The old headgear which Geronimo, the Indian chief, wore in his last battle with General Miles, has been bought by Robert W. Wells, of Washington, and will be given to the Smithsonian institution.

Most of the cartoonists picture Speaker Cannon as swinging his gavel with his right hand, when as a matter of fact the speaker is left-handed and does not swing his gavel with his right hand once in a thousand times.

More than 70 years old, great-grandson of an Indian chief, and great-great-grandson of an English earl, Wilbur Fiske Chase, of Limerick, Me., has given up fiddling at dances after 58 years of it.

Dr. Andrew S. Draper, commissioner of education in New York, says that illiteracy is much more general in that state than in Germany, France, Great Britain, Switzerland, Scandinavia or Japan.

When a bank of England note returns to the bank the cashier's signature is torn off. The notes are kept for five years, after which they are burned in a furnace. Each week 420,000 notes are consumed.

James B. Hill, of Atlanta, Ga., is the first negro in the country to receive a Carnegie hero medal. A check for $[illegible] was sent as a reward for risking his life in saving several people in danger from a runaway team in Atlanta.

James Bernier and wife, of West Kennebunk, Me., are rejoicing over the birth of their 24th child. There are 11 children at home. The rest are scattered so that Mr. Bernier does not know where they all are.

The Cheshire national bank of Keene, N. H., recently received from a gentleman living in Massachusetts a $4 bill issued by the bank when it was a state institution, in 1806. This bill completes the file of all the issues of bills since the bank was chartered in 1803.

William T. Stead, the London editor, has taken up the role of an agricultural benefactor. The means he has adopted to prosecute his benefactions is a method of bacteriological cultivation of barren land, which is said to be an improvement upon that which has been employed in the United States.

The city government of Milan has voted to appropriate $1,150,000 for the construction of further series of houses specially built for workingmen and their families, and the municipal loan office (the city pawn department) will give $100,000 out of its profits toward the same purpose.

Miss Lizzie Martin, of York, Penn., has devised a fingernail pen with which she does all her letter writing. She allowed the nail of the index finger to grow to the proper length, then the nail was trimmed to the shape of a pen and split. Miss Martin claims the new pen to be an improvement over the ordin

TOLEDO BLADE PATTERNS

FROM THE LATEST PARIS AND NEW YORK STYLES

These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

2225—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with Fancy Collar and a Removable Chemisette. Chiffon faille develops well in this style. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

1900—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with Front Yoke, High or Dutch Neck and Long or Three-quarter Length Sleeves. A good model for dotted, striped or plain challis. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

2235—Ladies' Tunic Skirt, in Sweep Length. Any smooth faced material develops well in this pattern. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

2129—Ladies' Circular Skirt, with or without Centre-Front Seam and in Medium Sweep or Round Length. Suitable for striped or plain cheviot or serge. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

1858—Girls' Sailor Suit, Consisting of a Blouse Slipped on Over the Head, and a Gathered Skirt joined to an Underwaist Having a Shield Facing. Dark blue or black serge with collar and shield in a contrasting color. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1566—Child's Russian Dress. Closed at Left Side of Front. An excellent model for school and everyday wear. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

1598—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist. Closed at Back. A simple model easy to make and becoming when worn. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1558—Misses' Yoke Waist, with High or Low Neck, Long or Three-quarter Length Sleeves and with or without Body or Sleeve Lining. Suitable for any material. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2004—Infants' Underwear Set. Consisting of Petticoat, Pinning Blanket, Diaper-Drawers and Band. One size.

2049—Ladies' Circular Open Drawers. Persian lawn, nainsook, cambric, or Victoria lawn, develop well. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

2239—Ladies' Two-Piece Circular Skirt, in Sweep Length—Known as the Paquin Model. Soft finished materials such as chepe de Chine, nun's veiling or voile are the best for the development of this model. 5 sizes—22 to 30.

2221—Ladies' Semi-Fitting Coat, in Seven-Eighths Length. Oxford suiting or mixed tweed are two of the best materials for the separate coat. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1892—Ladies' Blouse Dressing-Sack, with Three-Quarter Length Sleeves. Flowered or plain challis make up well, in this model. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

2232—Misses' Coat with Kimono Sleeves. A good model for checked or striped tailor suiting. 4 sizes—14 to 17 years.

1925—Child's One-Piece Dress. Closed at Center of Back and with Dutch Neck. Linen, pique or duck make up well in this pattern. 4 sizes—2 to 8 years.

1923—Girls' Jumper Dress, with a Separate Guimp. French worsted in an invisible check is pretty made on this style. 4 sizes—6 to 21 years.

1553—Ladies' Tucked Dressing Sack with Sailor Collar. Flowered dimity is pretty made up on this style. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

1862—Girls' Apron. Checked, plain or figured gingham are all used for aprons this season. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

1915—Child's Set of Short Clothes, consisting of Bishop Dress Having Sleeves Extending to Neck, Petticoat, Underwaist and Drawers. Persian lawn may be used with good effect for all these garments. 4 sizes—½ to 3 years.

1751—Misses' Four-Gored Gathered Skirt, with or without Flounce. Any of the season's materials develop well in this style. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

1651—Misses' Chemise, Slipped on Over the Head, with Front Yoke, and with or without Ruffle. Jaconet, or nainsook should be used for this pattern. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

2238—Boys' Pajamas, with Standing Band or Rolling Collar. Striped silk gingham, madras, or wash silk, develop well in this model. 6 sizes—5 to 15 years.

2227—Ladies' Sack Night Gown, in Full or Short Length, and with or without Yoke Facing. Flannel, flannelette or cambric are all suitable for this style. 4 sizes—32, 36, 40 and 44.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

EXTRA CURRENCY LIMIT $500,000,000

Aldrich Bill Will Provide for That Amount—Will Be Reported Next Week.

Washington, Jan. 17.—After two sessions of the senate committee on finance yesterday the members of the committee were in possession of a fair idea of what shape the Aldrich financial bill will be in when it is reported next week.

There will be no more meetings of the committee until Monday, when the various amendments which have been gradually evolved through the general discussion of the bill during this week will be incorporated in the measure.

It is stated to be practically certain that the limit of extra currency which the bill provides for will be raised from $256,000,000 to $500,000,000. Most of the members of the committee believe that this figure is not too high for a time of emergency, when a heavy issue of currency notes is demanded on security of the prescribed sort and under the prescribed tax. The tax on the emergency issues will not. it is believed, be placed higher than six per cent., which the bill now provides.

An amendment offered by Senator Bailey reducing the required population of a county or municipality whose bonds are to figure in a currency issue from 20,000 to 10,000, is expected, to receive the support of a majority of the committee and, according to reliable report, will be adopted. This will permit smaller towns of just as great an age and of commensurate prosperity with the larger towns to participate in the benefits of the measure.

VIEW OF OHIO FIGHT

Foraker Finds He Has Been Badly Beaten.

Looks as Though the Senator Is in a Losing Fight to the Finish.

Washington, Jan. 20.—No compromise in Ohio, as compromise is understood in its application to the Republican situation in that state, is possible so long as William H. Taft is a factor—so long as the secretary of war is a candidate for the presidency and Senator J. B. Foraker is a factor in permitting or preventing a unanimous indorsement for the former, writes Sumner from here to his paper, the Chicago Record Herald.

Secretary Taft does not care for the presidency if it has to come through compromise with anyone on a matter of principle. Any compromise with Mr. Foraker, ostensibly to heal factional differences in the Buckeye state, necessarily would be a compromise on a matter of principle, as the secretary of war views it, because Senator Foraker represents policies that are antagonistic to the policies of the present national administration, for which Secretary Taft stands and which the latter believes are indorsed by a great majority of the Republicans of Ohio and by an overwhelming majority of the Republicans of the entire United States.

In reality the Ohio situation with respect to compromise is no different today from what it was early last summer, when peace overtures were made only to fall through because Secretary Taft would not become a party to a bargain with Foraker. Developments of the last twenty-four hours, however, make this a timely occasion to reiterate previously established facts, which show more clearly than ever why a Taft-Foraker deal is out of the question.

Senator Foraker is out with an interview in which he virtually invites peace. Political writers and politicians who do not understand the whole situation already are declaring that the Foraker invitation is a prelude to action on the part of some of Taft's friends in "letting up" on the war on Foraker. As a matter of fact, it is Foraker who is making war in Ohio, and Foraker is to be offered no inducement to quit.

Charles P. Taft, of Cincinnati, has been here for two days, and some of the gossips are asserting his errand is to make peace at home. They are wide of the truth. The Taft brothers undertsand one another, and such conferences as they may have regarding the Ohio situation look to the defeat of Foraker's opposition in open conflict; not to the appeasing of Foraker.

Foraker's latest contribution to the literature of the Ohio campaign covertly carries a "warning" to the country that unless peace between the warring factions is brought about the welfare of the party will be jeopardized. He recites how he gave cordial acquiescence to the harmony proposals made months ago by mutual friends, not because he had any desire again to be a candidate for senator, but because he felt it a duty to agree to what seemed to be a desire of the party and calculated to strengthen it.

"When Secretary Taft rejected all these peace offerings I had either to run away like a poltroon or to resume the contest," says Foraker. "The resulting situation is disagreeable, but I do not regard myself as responsible for it."

Why cannot Secretary Taft make a peace offer to Foraker and settle once and for all the question of a divided delegation from Ohio to the national convention? Simply because Secretary Taft was cast in a different mold from that in which Senator Foraker was cast. As politicians Taft and Foraker occupy entirely different planes. A few persons are aware at present of the inner reasons that prevented the adoption of compromise resolutions when the Republican state committee of Ohio met last summer, but before long developments are likely to take a turn that will result in evidence showing the secretary of war's position in a manner which, in the opinon of some of the secretary's close friends will make his cause stronger in the country at large than would a solidly instructed delegation from his own state.

It is pretty generally known that Secretary Taft disapproved of a compromise last summer—that he would have frowned upon the action of any friends of his who voted for a Foraker indorsement, not because they believed it would reflect the sentiment of their respective districts, but because it would aid in securing the indorsement of himself for the presidency. The situation is exactly the same now that it was then.

Senator Foraker, following a code of ethics that has come to be well-nigh the orthodox in politics, tells in his latest interview how factional differences always are settled for the "good of the party" in state conventions on the give and take principle. Secretary Taft refuses to consider questions involving more factional differences in the same way as differences in matters of great political policies and principles. Foraker, opposing the principles for which Taft stands, would support Taft if Taft's friends would not fight him. Taft, opposing Foraker's policies, will not compromise on any such basis.

Regardless of his own personal interests, Secretary Taft believes that the Republican national convention next summer will overwhelmingly indorse the Roosevelt policies. He believes that the resolution requesting the Ohio senators to support the rate bill in the Fifty-ninth congress, adopted by the Ohio legislature, represented the will of the people of the state. Senator Foraker refused to act in accordance with that resolution, and has defended his stand by declaring that he acted as his conscience dictated.

On the Taft side it is pointed out that the issue before the national convention will center around the principles for which Roosevelt and Taft stand and which Foraker opposes. Foraker, it is pointed out, has helped to raise the issue by attacking the administration at all points, and not only with respect to great questions, but in a matter of incidental interest wherein he has aroused race prejudice to a dangerous degree.

In view of these circumstances it is declared that a compromise with Foraker in Ohio would be an admission that the voters of the state were willing to subordinate issues and questions of national moment—to regard differences over such questions as less important than factional differences within the state. It is regarded by those who view the situation as Secretary Taft views it that the question before the people, so far as Foraker as a continuing figure in public life is concerned, is not whether he acted as his conscience has dictated, but whether he represents the principles the people want put into operation, and for Taft to permit his friends to indorse the continuance of Foraker in public life under such circumstances would be stultification in its grossest form.

So it may be taken for granted that no compromise is possible. It looks, furthermore, as if the fight would be fought to the bitter end, because Foraker can gain no concession by quitting, and therefore will not quit. It looks more and more as if Foraker at last had taken on a finish fight. He never has had one before in all his interesting career.

Years ago Foraker held the bloody bones over Hanna and everybody who opposed him in Ohio, and sooner or later they made terms with him. They had to give him practically everything he wanted in the state to get a delegation for McKinley. Hanna had to make terms with him in his personal battles later. Foraker and his lieutenants , so accustomed to the old order of things, thought it would be the same in the present contest. They can't seem to awake to the new code of political ethics with which they have to deal.

Incidentally it may be mentioned that some of the older school of politicians in Ohio, entirely apart from moral issues involved, are rejoicing in Foraker's present plight because they are tired of his many years of disturbing influence—a disturber when not the popular leader—who, when in the minority held the buldgeon over the heads of those on top and compelled them to make concessions to secure harmony. He is at the end of his rope in playing that role, because he is up against somebody who is on record as willing to sacrifice the highest office in the land rather than compromise on matters of principle.

Incidentally, again, it may be remarked in closing that Charles P. Taft, who was here conferring with the secretary of war, has told friends from other states that they needn't worry about Ohio—that before the fight is ended there will hardly be enough left of the opposition to the majority to fill a scoop shovel, if indeed it can be noticed with a strong microscope. It is declared that the Taft cause is expected to win on the lines of the campaign previously mapped out, without deviation in the slightest particular.

Senator Foraker has gone home to take command of his forces and remain, it is stated, until after the state primaries.

MAY CHANGE ITINERARY

Probable Flotilla Will Not Visit Buenos Ayres.

Washington, Jan. 18.—It seems probable now that the torpedo boat flotilla, on its way to the Pacific, will not pay a visit to Buenos Ayres, as was intended. According to the original plan the fleet was to proceed from Rio Janeiro to Montevideo. From that point some of the boats were to be sent, one at a time, perhaps, to Buenos Ayres, in order to afford the men shore leave.

Now, however, as the flotilla is said to be three days behind its itinerary, it is probable that the entire cruise up the River Platte will be cut out, and without stopping at either Montevideo or Buenos Ayres, the little vessels will try to make the long run from Rio to Sandy Point, in the Straits of Magellan.

A double purpose will be served by this change of plan, for not only will the torpedo boats be given a thorough test of their ability to make a long distance run, but they will be able to catch up with their schedule and accompany the battleship fleet in the passage of the Straits of Magellan as desired by Admiral Evans.

HUGHES WAITED TOO LONG

New York Governor Can Hardly Catch Taft Now.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 20.—If Governor Hughes is really ambitious, it is high time that he were rousing himself, says Walter Wellman in a despatch to the Chicago Record-Herald. All the probabilities are it is now too late; he has waited too long and the golden moment appears to have slipped by. Under existing conditions it does not seem possible for him to get his state behind him in an effective way. While he was waiting and his friends dawdling other influences were at work, and at work very effectively. New York public opinion is largely for Hughes, but Taft sentiment is growing here and growing rapidly. It is shown in the result of polls, individual expressions, in the newspaper comment. Still, if Governor Hughes and his friends decide to wage an earnest contest for the New York delegation they will be able to make things interesting for the administration and its friends, who are determined that the New York votes at Chicago shall be uninstructed, or, in other words, free to go to Taft when they are needed.

BANKER WALSH GUILTY

Chicagoan Is Convicted of Misappropriation of Funds.

Penalty Is Imprisonment for Not Less Than Five Years—Fine Prohibited.

Chicago, Jan. 18.—John R. Walsh, president of the defunct Chicago National bank, was today found guilty of misappropriating the funds of that institution. The jury, which had been considering the case since Thursday afternoon, reached an agreement shortly after 3 o'clock this morning, but the verdict was announced until the court reconvened at 9 o'clock.

The penalty under the law for the crime for which Walsh was convicted is imprisonment for a period of not less than five years. It does not permit of the substitution of a fine for the prison term. He was found guilty on 54 counts.

The original indictment contained 182 counts. Demurrers were sustained as to 32 counts, which left 150 upon which the jurors were required to pass.

Jury Is Polled.

The verdict was read by the clerk of the court at 10:17. Immediately after the reading of the finding attorneys for Walsh asked that the jury be polled. This was done.

Walsh was present in the court room and received the verdict with little show of emotion. On the contrary one of the jurors, Elbert Palmer, of Harvard, Illinois, burst into tears as he took his seat in the jury box and was so overcome during the proceedings that he was scarcely able to answer the clerk when asked if the finding represented his view as to the guilt of the defendant.

JOHN R. WALSH.

As the clerk read off the names the jurors in turn answered his question in the affirmative. When it came Palmer's turn to respond he arose with his head bowed, swayed as though about to fall, and muttered something behind his hand. Not until the question had been repeated a third time did the juror control his feelings sufficiently to reply.

Formal motion for a new trial was made by Attorney John S. Miller, and Judge Anderson set the hearing of the arguments for February 4. Walsh was allowed to remain at liberty on the same bond, $50,000, which had been given after his indictment by the federal grand jury.

"Have you anything to say in regard to the verdict?" Walsh was asked.

"Not a word," he replied with dignity.

A few minutes later he left the court room with his attorneys and disappeared in the crowd that thronged the corridors about the court room.

Attorney John S. Miller, pressed for an expression of his opinion as to the verdict, replied that he had nothing to say.

"We will be very busy for the next few days preparing our arguments for a new trial. If this is denied, we will appeal the case to the highest court in the land."

Beginning of Case.

The charge against Walsh grew out of the closing in 1905 of the Chicago National bank, of which Walsh was president, and its allied institutions, the Home Savings bank and the Equitable Trust company. Walsh was accused of having loaned funds of the Chicago National bank and its allied institutions, aggregating some $16,000,000, on fictitious and insufficiently secured notes to nearly a score of struggling enterprises which he himself had founded and practically owned. Many of the notes, it developed at the trial, were signed without authority, in the names of various employes of Walsh.

The directors of the Chicago National bank testified that they were not consulted by Walsh as to the making of the loans and that they knew nothing of them. Twenty-six of the notes were described as "memorandum" notes and they formed one of the chief features of the trial. They represented more than $2,000,000.

Methods of concealment employed in carrying the transactions on the books of the bank and alleged misrepresentations made in reports to the National bank examiners kept the latter in ignorance of the true condition of the bank's finances and the nature of their securities for several years prio to the closing of the institutions.

Good Faith Claimed.

The defense took the gound that all of the Walsh enterprises were built up in order to save and protect the original loans which wee made by Walsh in good faith. The claim was also made that Walsh did not hold the controlling interest in the corporations which profited by the loans, but that the Chicago National bank held it, Walsh being only a trustee and a conservator of the bank's interests. Walsh was on the witness stand for two days.

REVIVED AT LAST

Emaciated Woman Restored By Proper Food.

The amount of harm done from eating food which lacks the nourishing elements or is in such form that the system can't absorb it, is much greater than many persons even suspect.

The harm can't be corrected by drugs either. There must be a complete change in the dietary—the cause of the trouble must be removed.

"I have been a constant sufferer from stomach trouble, constipation and neuralgia for the past 14 years," writes a Michigan lady, "and the past year became tired of life, of everybody and everything.

"The best doctors and several weeks at a sanitarium afforded me only temporary relief. Finally an attack of the grippe caused me to give up hope of ever being well again. I was growing weaker and more emaciated every day.

"At last, a doctor advised me to try some predigested food, as nothing would stay on my stomach. My husband sent for some Grape-Nuts, of which I ate a little with milk, and then awaited the usual results.

"My stomach did not eject this food, and from that time on for several weeks I lived on Grape-Nuts and milk. I felt no pain whatever in my stomach, my health gradually came back and in five weeks I gained 25 pounds. I derived more strength from Grape-Nuts than I ever did from a meat and potato diet."

"There's a reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville," in packages.

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

$3.00 SHOES AT ALL PRICES, FOR EVERY MEMBER OF THE FAMILY, MEN, BOYS, WOMEN, MISSES AND CHILDREN. $3.50

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's $2.50, $3.00 and $3.50 shoes than any other manufacturer in the world, because they hold their shape, fit better, wear longer, and are of greater value than any other shoes in the world to-day.

W. L. Douglas $4 and $5 Gilt Edge Shoes Cannot Be Equalled At Any Price

CAUTION. W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on bottom. Take No Substitute. Sold by the best shoe dealers everywhere. Shoes mailed from factory to any part of the world. Illustrated Catalog free to any address.

W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

Fast Color Eyelets Used Exclusively.

MARRY Wealth and Beauty. Marriage Directory Free. Pay when married—new plan. SELECT CLUB, Dept. 46 Tekonsha, Mich.

USE OUR MONEY Establish a pleasant, profitable and lasting business of your own. Be your own boss. We start you in the portrait business which will make you independent. We are practical men having worked up from the ranks ourselves. We are glad to help you. What we did you can do. Free Outfit. Our 248 page book explains everything. Write for it today. A SNAP For LIVE AGENTS

Consolidated Portrait Co., 290-31 W. Adams St., Chicago

JAPAN FACING A PANIC

Government Unable to Avert a Crisis in Cabinet.

In Event Constitutionalists Refuse to Accept Financial Policy Diet Will Dissolve.

Tokio, Jan. 15.—An accurate prediction concerning the probable life of the Marquis Sainoji's cabinet is improbable. The inability of the government to avert a climax and the resignations of the ministers of finance and communications have created a situation approaching on a political panic. Even those best informed are unable to forecast tomorrow's developments with any degree of certainty.

A consensus of opinion is to the effect that the present cabinet, either with double portfolios or possible additions filling the vacant post in the ministries of the interior and justice, will face the diet, which opens on July 22.

Meet With Difficulty.

An effort is being made today to fill these vacancies, but there is a difficulty encountered in securing the consent of statesmen to accept the responsibility under existing circumstances.

The opposition, and even the friends of the government, are apparently determined to force the government to appeal to the country. With an unpopular budget, the constitutionalists lack nine votes of an actual majority in the lower house. Reliable authorities think the constitutionalists will refuse to accept the government's financial policy, when the budget is presented. In the event the cabinet will resign, the diet will be dissolved and the former budget will be continued until another cabinet is formed and a new budget passed.

There is no reason to doubt that the present situation is due entirely to the financial problem.

The immigration question is absolutely unaffected and had nothing to do with hastening the climax. It is believed on all sides that the immigration questions which exist with America and Canada will be settled amicably. In fact, since the present critical situation developed, the immigration question has been hardly mentioned.

Interesting Feature.

An interesting feature of the situation is the increasing influence of the commercial classes in the politics of Japan. Yoshiro Sakatani, ex-minister of finance, is the son-in-law of Baron Shibusawa, who bitterly opposed the proposition to increase the taxation, in common with other prominent business men, who were antagonistic to the continued heavy expenditures on the army.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR PERFECTLY REMOVED. I have a safe and positively SURE way to take hairs off face, neck, arms, etc., FOREVER. I HAVE THE TRUE SECRET. Write for information, I send it sealed, FREE. Address HELEN DOUGLAS, 20 E. 22 St. New York

THIS SOLID GOLD RING for selling seven 25c boxes "Merit" Blood Tablets. 30 days allowed to sell Tablets, return money and get ring. Address "Merit" Medicine Co., Room 47, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

Remove it with remedies that you know are safe. A complete treatise containing valuable formulas mailed on receipt of ten cents. Baker Publishing Co., 280 W. Delevan avenue, Buffalo, N. Y.

DON'T NEGLECT YOUR EYES.

Oculine will cure the most aggravated cases of Ulcers, Granulated Lids, Incipient Cataract, Conjunctivitis, Failing Sight and all Inflammations of Eyes or Lids. Should your eyes trouble you, send P. O. order for bottle Eye Drops, Dropper and Tube Ointment. All for $1.00. Sold only by Oculine Co., Toledo, O.

MEN WANTED in every locality in the United States to advertise our goods, tack up showcards in all conspicuous places and distribute small advertising matter. Commission or salary $83 per month and expenses $4 per day. Steady work the year round; entirely new plan; no experience required. Write for particulars. WM. R. WARNER MED. CO., London, Ont., Canada.

FITS Epilepsy. Only CURE. I insure an entire and rapid cure to stay cured for life. I ask no fee. Dr. Kruse Co., St. Louis, Mo.

Virginia Farms and Homes. Productive soil, mild, healthy climate; splendid markets. Write for catalog. R. H. CHAFFIN & CO., Inc., Richmond, Va.

Wealthy Gentleman wishes to correspond with lady with view to matrimony; no objection to poor girl if respectable. Address J. R. H., 2204 Wilcox Avenue, Chicago.

SALESMEN. $10 daily, money every night; taking orders for $20 Automatic Soda Fountain; regular or side line; Grant Mfg. Co., Pittsburg, Pa.

ATTRACTIVE young lady, worth $12,000, desires the acquaintance of gentleman with a view to marriage, no objection to poor man with good character. Garfield, 2094 Wilcox ave., Chicago.

Handsome young lady, worth $25,000, wants acquaintance of honorable gentleman; early marriage; no objection to poor man if honest. Address Mrs. W., 697 Fulton Street, Chicago.

MARRY RICH Ladies worth from $5,000 to $35,000 want husbands. Descriptions and Photos FREE. (Sealed.) Standard Corr. Club, 110 Avers Av., Chicago, Ill.

SEC. TAFT IS ENDORSED

West Virginia Will Be in Line for Cabinet Member.

Parkersburg, W. Va., Jan. 18.—At the meeting of the Republican state executive committee last night, Charleston was selected as the place for the convention to nominate a state ticket July 8. Parkersburg was selected for a convention on April 29 to nominate delegates to the national convention.

In executive session William H. Taft was endorsed for President by members individually, but not as a committee, all signing the endorsement with the exception of two members. The resolutions are in part as follows:

"In our belief a great majority of the Republican voters of West Virginia desire the nomination of Secretary Taft for president of the United States."

Hughes League Incorporates.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 18.—Certificate of incorporation of the Hughes League of the United States, was filed with the secretary of state yesterday. The papers state its purpose is to be "to aid in crystalizing public sentiment and public opinion foster the same for the purpose of securing the nomination of Charles Evan Hughes, of New York city, as the Republican candidate for the President of the United States of America, in the year 1908, and to assist in his election."

RUSS FOLLOWS FLEET

Was Denied Permission to Accompany One of Evans' Ships

St. Petersburg, Jan. 18.—The importance attached by the Russian admiralty to the lessons to be learned from the voyage of the American battleship fleet under Rear Admiral Evans, is shown by the fact that a Russian naval officer, Commander Alexis Diatchkoff, is following the fleet on its trip around South America, traveling from port to port by whatever meanshe can obtain.

The commander adopted this course only after his repeated requests for permission to join the ships had been refused. It has been reported here that Diatchkoff succeeded in getting on board one of the American warships at Rio Janeiro, and the entire incident of this officer's activities has been a source of some friction between the Russian foreign ministry and the admiralty. When Baron Rosen, the Russian ambassador to the United States, was instructed to ask for a permit for Diatchkoff to join Admiral Evans, he declined on the ground that he knew this request would be unfavorably received at Washington. Thereupon the Russian admiralty, after further correspondence with the foreign office, instructed Diatchkoff to apply personally to Secretary Metcalf. This the officed did, but in vain. He was thereupon ordered to follow the fleet as closely as he could, making use of private steamers.

The Novoe Vremya, which is conducting a campaign against Foreign Minister Iswolsky, declares today that Diatchkoff was granted permission to accompany one of the American battleships. This was obtained after Baron Rosen had refused to present his application, according to this paper, and not the slightest objection was made. The Novoe Vremya, however, is in error; the facts are as stated above.

REXEY ASKS FOR $1,500,000

Washington, Jan. 18.—Surgeon-General Rixey, of the navy, yesterday asked the house committee on naval affairs to recommend an appropriation of $1,500,000 for the construction and equipment of a navy hospital ship. This estimate contemplates the installation of the most modern instruments and appliances which science has perfected in the surgical field.

WARSHIPS FOR PEACE.

Exist for No Other Purpose, Declares Roosevelt.

Washington, Jan. 16.—Something more than the usual degree of importance attaches to the felicitous exchanges between the presidents of America and Brazil over the visit of Admiral Evans' fleet to Rio owing to the significant expression used by President Roosevelt in accounting for the mission of the battleship fleet. The correspondence by cable follows:

From President Penna:

"Petrolis, Jan. 14, 1908.

"President Theodore Roosevelt, Washington:

"This afternoon I had the great pleasure of receiving and becoming personally acquainted with the admirals and captains of the American fleet en route to the Pacific ocean.

"I congratulate you on the successful arrival of so powerful and well drilled a fleet at Rio de Janeiro, and I take keen pleasure in informing you that the people of our capital spontaneously and enthusiastically joined the Brazilian naval authorities from the movement in the demonstrations of fraternity and friendship toward the American sailors and the great republic of the north, for whose glory all Brazil utters the most cordial wishes.

(Signed) "AFFONSON PENNA,
"President of Brazil."

President Roosevelt's reply:

"The White House,
"Washington, Jan. 15, 1908.

"President Affonso Penna, Rio de Janeiro:

"I thank you for the kind message which you were so good as to send me upon the arrival of the American fleet at Rio. It has given me and will give to the American people the liveliest satisfaction. We are all very sensible of the courtesy and distinguished hospitality with which the government and people of Brazil have received our officers and sailors.

"The warships of America exist for no other purpose than to protect peace against possible aggression and justice against possible oppression. As between the United States and Brazil these ships are not men-of-war, but are messengers of friendship and good will commissioned to celebrate with you the long-continued and never to be broken amity and mutual helpfulness of the two great republics. (Signed)

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

PRAISE FLEET SAILORS

Rio Janeiro Impressed by Deportment of Marines.

Rio Janeiro, Jan. 15.—The events on the official program today for the entertainment of the visiting American officers were a breakfast at the residence of President Penna, at Petropolis, at noon, and in the afternoon a garden party at the American embassy in the same suburb. Rear Admirals Thomas, Sperry and Emory represented the fleet at the presidential function. They set out for Petropolis early this morning.

The newspapers this morning all comment favorably upon the good behavior of the sailors who had shore liberty yesterday. The men all had a good time and perfect order was maintained. Not less than 4,000 men visited the city during the course of the day and evening.

MAGIC STEEL TOP CHURN.

Just think of a churn with forged steel top and barrel rim that you cannot break; no wood cover to split, warp, leak and sour; it is sanitary and clean because it will not absorb. This is the churn for you to buy; it costs no more; if your dealer hasn't got it send us his name and we will arrange for you to get one at reduced price; send postal card for our illustrated catalogue.

Mfd. by The American Woodenware Mfg. Co., Toledo, Ohio, U. S. A.

WATCHES

The 16 size watch is now the popular size for men and boys, being very much lighter in weight, smaller in size, and thinner than the 18 size.

We shall handle this season only Waltham and Elgin movements. The reputation and reliability of these movements are so well known to our readers that they need no further recommendation from us.

The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

We guarantee everything we offer you to be JUST EXACTLY AS REPRESENTED.

And you will find our prices lower than you can purchase the same quality for elsewhere.

The Waltham and Elgin watches are all stem wind and stem set.

ALL WATCHES ARE SENT BY REGISTERED MAIL.

We can supply any movement made by the Waltham or Elgin companies, and will be pleased to quote prices.

This offer is intended only for Blade subscribers. We desire to give our subscribers the advantage of the best quality of everything at the very lowest price.

MOVEMENTS.

Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

No. 101—18 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works ...$11.50

No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$15.00

No. 103—16 size, 25-year open face, 7-jeweled works ...$12.25

No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$15.50

No. 105—18 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works ...$12.50

No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$17.00

No. 107—16 size, 25-year open face, 15-jeweled works ...$14.50

No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$12.75

No. 111—16 size, 20-year open face, 7-jeweled works ...$10.00

No. 113—18 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works ...$10.50

No. 114—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$15.00

No. 115—16 size, 20-year open face, 15-jeweled works ...$12.50

NICKEL SILVER CASES.

No. 116—18 size, 7-jeweled works ...$5.30

No. 118—18 size, 15-jeweled works $6.60

No. 119—16 size, 15-jeweled works $8.75

LADIES' 6 SIZE.

No. 121—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$13.50

No. 123—20-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$12.25

LADIES' 0 SIZE.

No. 124—25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$14.00

No. 125—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$17.50

No. 126—20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works $13.00

Remit by P. O. money order, express money order, registered letter, or New York draft.

Address all orders to

THE BLADE, Toledo, O.

MILLIONAIRE IS CHARGED WITH FRAUD

Failure of Richards to Return From Europe Leads to Appointment of a Receiver.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 17.—Through the failure of George Livingston Richards to return from Europe, where he went last July on permission of the courts, and the dissatisfaction of many investors in a number of Richards' companies, Francis E. Hunnewell was yesterday appointed receiver by Judge Lowell in the United States circuit court for the George Livingston Richards company, and the Agnew Automatic Mailing Machine company.

Richards, from the time he came here ten years ago, penniless, has had a meteoric career and is now believed to be a millionaire. He built a magnificent residence in Brookline and his reputed $500,000 stable of racing horses received wide attention. He attracted small investors from all parts of the country and started numerous enterprises, the golden tide constantly flowing in as new propositions were launched.

The appointment of a receiver today was the result of a petition brought by John A. Goodwin, of Richmond, Va., an old soldier, who invested $700 in each of the two companies, the George Livingston Richards company and the Agnew Auto Mailing Machine company. The petition alleges mismanagement and fraud.

According to the last statements filed in July of last year, the George Livingston Richards company had a capital stock of $1,000,000, assets of $1,676,215, and a floating indebtedness of $187,890. The statement of the Agnew Auto Mailing Machine company showed a capital of $3,000,000, assets of $2,886,159, and a floating indebtedness of $36,391.

HUGHES NOT INDORSED

Attempt Fails in Stormy Session in New York.

New York, Jan. 17.—An attempt to force consideration of the tabled resolution endorsing Governor Hughes for the Republican nomination for president, was defeated last night at what was probably the stormiest session in the political history of the New York Republican county committee.

After nearly three hours of debate, characterized by bitter invectives and frequently by cheers, hisses and cat calls, an adjournment for one month was taken with nothing more than routine business having been transacted.

A vote on the straight question of endorsing Governor Hughes or any other presidential candidate was never reached. There was no doubt of the veiled issue, however, and the outspoken supporters of the governor lined up squarely against those who are either friendly to the candidacy of Secretary Taft or opposed to any endorsement by the committee at this time.

During the speaking there mingled cheers and hisses for the President, Hughes, Taft and Foraker. Personalities were exchanged, a fist fight occurred and the excitement was general.

There was a different scene at the Waldorf Astoria. Marked enthusiasm on two occasions, at the mention of the name of Governor E. Hughes as a presidential candidate, was a feature of the twenty-third annual dinner of the Holland society at the big hotel last night.

Resolutions pledging the support of the Progressive Democratic league to the candidacy of William J. Bryan for the presidency were adopted at a mass meeting held under the auspices of the league at Cooper Union last night. The principal address was made by Senator Jefferson Davis, of Arkansas.

BRYAN TO TAKE TRIP.

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 18.—William J. Bryan will leave tomorrow evening on an extended tour. He will be gone a month. Mr. Bryan will visit Chicago, Covington, Ky., Nashville, Birmingham, and Washington, D. C., At Washington Mr. Bryan will attend the banquet of the Gridiron club. Then he will visit Philadelphia, several cities in Delaware, New Jersey and New York, and will afterwards go to Toronto, Ont., and Montreal, Que.

PROHIBITION DISCUSSED

Senate Judiciary Committee Considers Various Measures.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The senate committee on the judiciary today took up the various prohibition measures before it and heard Senator Tillman on his bill regulating the importation of liquor into one state from another. He argued that it was competent for congress to take in hand this question.

Senator Bacon asked a great many questions intended to develop the constitutional problems involved, including one which was directed towards drawing out Mr. Tillman's opinion on the difference between congress granting authority to a state to confiscate and destroy smallpox-infected clothing coming into a state and its granting the same authority to confiscate and destroy whisky.

Mr. Tillman said that "as a matter of common sense" he would say that congress would not direct the destruction of the clothing, but "as matter of law" it could authorize the state to do so. There could be no limitation on the state's police powers; if it should pass laws that were drastic or silly, public opinion would deal with them and with the lawmaking power.

TRAIN PLUNGED 90 FEET

Three Men Killed, Two Fatally Injured.

Corydon, Junction, Ind., Jan. 20.—Three trainmen were killed and two were probably fatally injured yesterday when a locomotive of the Southern railway, westbound from New Albany, plunged from a 90-foot trestle, turning a somersault in the air and dragging with it two freight cars and a caboose.

The dead were: Clarence Dunham, engineer; W. H. Scott, fireman, and Frank Carter, brakeman.

The injured are: James W. Pritchett, conductor; ribs fractured, may be injured internally. Clyde Stewart, brakeman, ribs fractured and bruised about head and body.

The wreckage caught fire, but villagers quickly extinguished the flames.

Cortelyou Was Offered Presidency of a Bank

New York, Jan. 17.—The committee of depositors which has been active in the reorganization plans of the Knickerbocker Trust Co., issued a statement concerning the institution's affairs last night, in the course of which reference of the proffer of the presidency to Secretary Cortelyou is made as follows:

"Some of the members of the committee had received a reply from the

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.
God has put the keys to His Kingdom into your own hands. Your intelligence is a key, your conscience is a key. With these keys you are to unlock the great doors of life, and gain access to its heavenly treasures.

MONDAY.
No star is ever lost we once have seen;
We always may be what we might have been.

TUESDAY.
All thoughts of ill; all evil deeds,
That have their root in thoughts of ill;
Whatever hinders or impedes
The noble action of the will;—
All these must first be trampled down
Beneath our feet, if we would gain
In the bright fields of fair renown
The right of eminent domain.

WEDNESDAY.
Let us not care too much for what happens. Let us not leave our peace of mind at the mercy of events.

THURSDAY.
The inconveniences and the petty annoyances, the pains and the sorrows, do we forget them? Indeed, no; we grumble and groan continually. The blue sky and the sunshine, the everyday mercies and the wonderful blessings that we accept as a matter of course do we remember to rejoice because of them?

FRIDAY.
Is the road very dreary?
Patience yet;
Rest will be sweeter if thou are aweary;
And after the night cometh the morning cheery,
Then bide a wee and dinna fret.

SATURDAY.
The clouds have a silver lining,
Don't forget;
And though he's hidden, still the sun is shining;
Courage! Instead of tears and sad repining,
Just bide a wee, and dinna fret.

The Heart That Hates

A short time ago I was talking with a friend who seemed very much depressed. Her eyes had a far-off look that showed her mind was not on our conversation. Finally I asked, "What is troubling you?"

I discovered she was allowing herself to be made miserable by hating someone who had done her sister a great wrong.

"It is making me sick," she said. "I can't think of anything except of my hatred of that man. I could almost kill him. I can't sleep, I can't eat, and I can't work, because I am so filled with hatred."

She astonished me. I had never seen her before, except in a gentle mood, and filled with kindliness toward everyone. I looked at her closely and saw the marks of her self-inflicted misery. Her eyes were dull from lack of sleep; her face was growing thin, and her whole appearance was that of one beset by unhappiness.

"Don't waste yourself in this way. Don't do this man the honor of keeping him in your mind," I urged her. "Once, I hated someone just as you are doing, and I was unhappy, just as you are. Then, all at once, I began to get a clearer vision, and I said to myself, 'Why should I spoil my life by hating this person who has injured me? If he has done me a wrong there is a higher power than mine to give him punishment, if he deserves it. We are told to love our enemies, but if we cannot conquer self, sufficiently to do this, we can, at least, cast out hatred and remove its shadow from our lives."

She looked at me wonderingly. "I never thought of it in that way, but I believe you are right," she said.

I saw her a week later. She was a transformed woman. "I don't hate him any more; I try not to even think of him, and I feel so much better."

"Well," I said, "you have done far better than I. You conquered in a week, while I was in the gloom of hatred for a year before I came out into the light and shook off my torment."

And because we both had been in hatred's shadow, there was a stronger bond of sympathy between us and together, lest we forget, we read these lines from a book called The Kingdom of Love:

The heart that hates is as hard as flint, and flashes fire only by smiting itself.

Hate is an acid that corrodes the soul and eats out the vital substances of the brain.

Hate feeds on hate, generating the substance that sustains it.

Nature pays us in the selfsame coin we mint and circulate.

The hand that strikes, stings with the blow it inflicts.

If you entertain a thought you would be ashamed to meet in the open day, cast it out, lest it waylay you when you least suspect.

Unwittingly our visages are the tablets of our thoughts. We are self-responsible for the wrinkles of grief or mirth.

Hate and cruelty never carved the features of a noble countenance.

The path is far pleasanter that lies among sweet-smelling flowers and sun-lit groves, than where blooms the nightly weed in murky atmospheres.

When Love is the Gardener of the Heart, he alone tears up the weeds of evil growth by the root and flings them to the scattering winds.

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.
Look up; lift up. Object: To aid, comfort, encourage and cheer; scattering sunshine along the way.

Today we begin the column with an excellent little essay from Mrs. A. A. B., entitled:

DON'T BORROW.
Don't borrow anything you can do without. Borrowing soon becomes a habit, and you will find yourself running to your neighbors' for everything imaginable. Of course, there are times when it cannot be helped; but when you do borrow, take care of what you get. People will not object to lending books if they are taken care of. One should always cover a nice book with paper when reading it.

I remember how hard I tried to keep The Toledo Blades at one time. I kept every one and fastened them together in book form. I had a package of them as heavy as I could carry. One day a neighbor chanced to see them and wanted to borrow them. Of course, I let her have them, telling her I wanted them again on account of the Household page, which I have always enjoyed. There were seven in her family, all of whom were great readers. When my papers were returned they were in ribbons, so I gave up saving them, but I think it would be interesting to read papers now that were printed thirty years ago. I should like to know how long The Blade has been in print. I am sure I have read it for thirty-six years.—Mrs. A. A. B.

If you will look in the upper left hand corner of the first page of The Blade you will find that it was founded in 1836. There is now a large Daily Blade, which was founded in 1848 and is the most important paper in Toledo.—Editor.

A LETTER IN RHYME.
The Cozy Corner is full of helpful needs,
And how we all appreciate its many kind deeds!
It helps to lighten the burden of a mother's anxious heart,
And in relating experiences and opinions, all try to do their part.
Oh, I find it just the "coziest" corner;
I always find comfort there.
It helps to lighten my burdens and takes away the care.
And how I enjoy the Merry-go-Rounds,
I'd like to join them, too,
They are so interesting and such a merry "crew."
Then, there is "The Poet's Corner"—so many songs I used to know;
Some of which my father sang, long, long time ago.
How I love to read the poetry and the short stories, too.
Oh, I couldn't keep house without The Blade; I'd feel I was lost, that's true.
I am a fond reader of The Blade; I read its pages through and through,
But the Household and Young Folks' page always comes first to view.
I wish I had long ago been a reader of The Blade, but hereafter I hope to remain.
And the pages of the Household and Youngs Folks I shall always try to retain;
And everything else that's good never goes to waste; I cut them all out and paste
Them all in my scrap books in a way that suits my taste.
This is my first letter to any publication; I thought I'd venture it in rhyme;
If it doesn't find the waste—or lack of space—
I may venture again some time.
I wish success to all The Blade readers and to all its creditors,
And may The Blade always cut a clear, keen way to success for its editors.

Mrs. C. J. S.

A PROMISE KEPT.
I promised in my first letter to come again, so here I am. I live in western North Carolina on what is called the Blue Ridge. The summer is pleasant, but the winter is very cold. We have one Baptist church, a good Sunday school, and good people.

Many people come up here to spend the summers. They think it so grand they have bought lots and have built nice cottages. They have signs on their cottages reading, "Cottage Rest," or other fancy names. I think there will be more of a boom next year if the railroad gets through from Greenville to the county seat.

I think some of the advice to Anxious Mother was grand. I think the Poets' Corner is a good corner. The old-time verses that have passed and been forgotten carry me back to childhood days. Sixty-four years is a long way to look back, but the child days are brighter to me than the present. With best wishes to all.—Grandmother Totsy.

A LETTER OF THANKS.
May I have space to thank you for some of the good I have received from some of you sisters? As I read the letters advising how to teach children it seems as if they are written direct to me. I have two little ones that God has left in my care, and I am trying as a true father to teach them to love everybody and be good children. If I can do this, everyone will love them in return. I think I need your help and advice as much as any mother does, so do not grow faint in well doing. If we are permitted to live through the year of 1908 may our lives be better. This is the wish of—Patience.

"ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL."
"All's well that ends well," including eggless ginger cake. Yes, C. M. E., I laughed a little at your expense, but felt sorry for your having to waste so much. Now, dear friends, this shows us all the true worth of a plain cup of water Without it, anyone could make fifteen or fifty cakes and not one would be fit for anything. When I saw the mistake I fully expected to hear my poor recipe abused from all four corners of the world, but as nothing seemed to happen I began to congratulate myself, thinking no one had tried it. How mistaken I was, you all see. However, "all's well that ends well."

Thank you C. M. E. for your kind words of praise. They have made me happier than all the Christmas presents I received, and you may tell your husband that I don't blame him one bit for the things he said. I should probably have said worse under the same circumstances.

Now I wish all you Cozy Cornerites a happy and prosperous New Year.—Ohio Pansy.

A FARMER'S DAUGHTER WRITES.
I am a farmer's daughter, a fact of which I am somewhat proud. I was sixteen years old December thirteenth. I have two brothers, fourteen and twelve years of age. They help me when mother goes into the country or town for a vacation. I have a good mother and father. We live in the country two and a half miles from Sarahsville, Ohio, where there are three churches. We are five miles from Caldwell, which also has three churches. Mother and I milk six cows in the winter time. I like to help mother all I can. We raise chickens, geese, turkeys, etc. We had a fine garden last season, and had some vegetables to sell. We have six horses. My brother drives me down town once a week to take music lessons. I love music. My father is building a new house and I help mother cook and do the housework. We have 84 acres of land.—Happy Ocie.

INQUIRIES.
Will someone tell me how to make sweet vinegar for sweet spiced pickles; also how to put them in jars so they will keep until ready for use?—Marion E. Bishop.

Can some reader of the Household give a remedy for the enlargement of the first joints of fingers? Mine are very, very sore, and ache so I can hardly do my work.—Old Missourian.

INQUIRY ANSWERED.
Dolores:—If you will write to Mrs. Catherine A. Tingley, Point Loma, Southern California, you will probably receive information regarding the subject in which you are interested. Your words to be pronounced will be looked after as soon as possible.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.
The editor would like everyone who writes to this page to address The Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio, writing in the lower left hand corner, "Household Editor." Kindly follow this form.

The mail for the Cozy Corner, up to present date, includes letters from "Kid," Mrs. J. R. Cooper, Mrs. J. C. Bell, Busy Kansas Mother, Illinois, Hoosier J., A Red Rose, S. of Michigan, A Friend, and Old Subscriber.

The editor is glad to hear from you, Old Subscriber, but sorry to learn that you have had an illness. I hope you are fully recovered by this time. The editor knows and loves the west, and enjoys the pictures you send. I am afraid the latest one is not quite clear enough for reproduction in the paper. Your Christmas composition is very pretty.

HAPPENINGS ON AN OSTRICH FARM

In the Cawston Ostrich Farm at South Pasadena, California, there are several ostriches who are great celebrities in their way. Two of these, the oldest and most celebrated among all the hundred and fifty birds on this farm, are George and Martha Washington, a pair of ostriches who are noted for being the best breeders and most faithful sitters in the whole farm.

Both are remarkably fine specimens. George stands nearly four and a half feet high at the highest part of his back. Although a handsome bird in many respects he is, like all his kind, very much out of proportion. His large dark eyes, with their long eyelashes, are a great contrast to his ugly, flat head, and when he stretches his long neck to its fullest extent, he stands over eight feet high.

George has a jet-black back, and soft white feathers at the tip of his ridiculous little wings and tail. Martha, his wife, is not nearly so good-looking, as she has no white feathers, but is of a uniform drab color; also she is smaller. But George is very devoted to her. He conducted his courtship in a slow and solemn manner, being extremely careful in his selection of a wife, for ostriches only have one wife in a lifetime. When an ostrich loses his partner he never takes another, but remains solitary for the remainder of his days.

When a pair are once mated they are put in a separate enclosure on the farm, and there are no other ostriches or anything else to disturb their domestic life. The first time Martha was ready to lay her eggs, George prepared a nest for her by crouching down and scooping out a rough hole in the ground. Martha laid her first egg promptly, and every other day deposited another one in the nest until there were fifteen, and during this time the nature of George Washington underwent a complete change.

He had been a fairly good tempered, placid bird until then, showing no particular intelligence or excitability; but, as soon as the breeding season began he was constantly challenging all who approached to fight with him.

For forty days George kept this up, his wife dutifully sitting on the eggs (each of which weighed three pounds) by day, and he doing the same by night. This is really a wonderful provision of nature, because in their native state, the drab-like color of the female blends with the sand, and the dark color of the male bird is not so noticeable at night.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HAVING HIS FEATHERS PLUCKED.

At the end of the forty days curious little creatures of about twelve inches crept out of the shells, looking something like bits of old feather dusters. And just as soon as they were hatched neither George nor Martha took any further notice of them or the nest. When in their native state the young birds are very often trampled to death by their parents, who are always clumsy and stupid birds, but on this farm in California the young birds are put in a corral of young tender alfalfa hay by day, and securely housed by themselves at night, so this danger is avoided.

The young ostriches do not eat the first four days, but after that they become ready and somewhat greedy eaters, and grow very fast. They increase in height about a foot or a foot and a half a month for the first six months, and by that time are full grown.

On one occasion, when Martha had faithfully laid the requisite number of eggs, for no apparent reason she absolutely refused to sit. And now follows one of the most curious cases on record. When George saw that his wife was not doing her duty in the way of sitting on the nest, he did all in his power to first persuade, and then try to make her do what was required of her. He would tap and turn over the big eggs with his wide bill, go over to her and peck her and then back again to the eggs, and when Martha still refused, he tried to drive her over to the nest!

But after a time he seemed to realize that it was no use; and one day, although it was midday, to the astonishment of the onlookers, after looking toward his wife once or twice, he deliberately sat down on the nest and stayed there! This is an extraordinary fact, especially when it is taken into consideration what a tactless, unintelligent bird the ostrich is. He appears to all those who have studied him carefully to do everything by instinct alone, which makes this act of George Washington's all the more wonderful. What I consider as more extraordinary still is that he sat patiently on that nest during the ensuing forty days and nights, kept the eggs warm, and finally hatched out the finest brood of chicks which had ever been hatched on the farm during all the years of its existence.

Another proceeding of interest to visitors to this ostrich farm is the "plucking" of the birds. As a matter of fact, they are not actually "plucked," as we think of plucking, as no feather is ever pulled out. When the young birds are about nine months old, one is taken at a time and driven into a small triangular enclosure and, generally after some resistance (and these young birds are very strong) a soft hood is placed over its head.

In this manner the bird is completely overcome and bewildered, and makes no resistance whatever. One strong man holds the bird, in case of occasional struggles, while another one with a large keen pair of scissors cuts off the finest feathers. The whole thing is over in a very short time, and, when twenty or thirty big, and some few small feathers have been cut off at the quill an inch or an inch and a half from the body, the hood is taken off, the bird looks around thoroughly bewildered, and the men take their departure before he has time to get angry about it. There is not the slightest pain caused to the birds as so many people think. For all ostriches are extremely valuable, and, although hard in some respects, are easily injured in others, and it would be greatly against the proprietors' own interest to hurt the birds in any way. —From Wild-Animal Celebrities, by Ellen Velvin. Copyright, Moffat, Yard & Co.

THE MERRY-GO-ROUNDS

Do all the good you can,
In all the ways you can,
To all the people you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

Here I come again to describe more of the old north state. It is replete with natural beauty and loveliness. The majestic mountains, the sparkling streams and the murmuring rivers all help to make this land beautiful. In the spring and summer beautiful birds sing the sweetest of songs. We have the bluest of skies, the brightest of sunshine, the purest of water, and our land is as good as the sun e'er shone upon.

I live close to the Blue Ridge which belts the globe, and reaches its greatest height in Grandfather mountain, "the oldest geological formation on the face of the earth."

I live about 35 miles from Mt. Mitchell, the highest mountain east of the Mississippi river. Cranberry, a very industrious mining town, is four and a half miles from where I live. One mile from my home, on the banks of the Toe river, are very curiously marked rocks. The marks are supposed to have been made by the Indians and are round holes made in the rocks. There are about fifteen in all, ranging in size and depth from four to twelve inches deep. Some are in the very edge of the water.—Juvenile.

Having been a reader of The Blade for several years, with both pleasure and profit, I desire to express my admiration of the high Christian and moral character of the writers, as evidenced by their letters to the M. G. R. Particularly at this time would I mention Buckeye Schoolma'am, whose heaven-born desire as expressed in her recent letter—that we attain to higher levels, that all that is noblest and best in life and character may be reflected in the life of each member—is breathed in fervent prayer to God whom we should love and honor, and whose laws we should delight to obey. Let us each do our part in helping to carry the sentiments thus expressed to an abundant fruitage.

My home is in Michigan, and every time I go to the nearest town I cross the winding Kalamazoo, a stream noted for its beautiful scenery, and also famed in song and story.

Wishing all M. G. R. and Cozy Corner friends good cheer, I will close.—Hawthorne.

How many of the M. G. R. members have my birthday? It is February third. I am seventeen years old, five feet six inches tall, and weigh 119 pounds. I am personally acquainted with one of our circle. She calls herself West Va. Sunshine, and sunshine she is, indeed. I have gone to school with her and to church, and I think she is such a dear, good girl.

I, too, am fond of music and books, but my favorite book is the Bible. I think it should be with everyone.

My father has been a subscriber of The Blade for several years, and I watch with impatience for its coming each week. I turn first to the M. G. R. column where I have received so much help. I think we have such a good motto to live by. If everyone would live by our motto this world would be so much better. There are times when our way seems lonely and sad, but in doing good to others and by making others happy we make ourselves happy also.—Black-Eyed Clara.

In the M. G. R. not long ago I noticed a letter from Truthful Pearl, also from P. G. S. from Ohio. Each stated they were staying at home, one with a mother and the other with a father. Let me say that they will never regret such devotion. My father died when I was only four years old. I was the youngest of six children, the oldest of whom was fourteen. My mother, by hard work and good management, kept us all together and saved our home, but not one of us will ever know the days of toil and nights of anxiety our dear mother went through. One brother and myself remained at home. Mother took care of us when we were helpless, and we did not leave her in her old age. Not once have we regretted staying. So, my dear friends, you who have aged fathers and mothers, be kind to them. Only a little while remains for us to have them with us.

I read and re-read Aunt Bess' letter.—Sunshine.

Seeing a letter from Driller's Wife in the M. G. R., I would like to tell her that I am a reader of the column and have been for a number of years. I am a farmer's wife. We came to New Mexico last spring and took a homestead, but we shall have to leave it, as we cannot get water to irrigate. The test well drilled for artesian water is 1,660 feet, with no water. Driller's Wife, what part of New Mexico can you be in? We are having rain, snow and cold weather here, with the mountains covered with snow. We are at Deming, Luna county, but shall return to the old home in Illinois in the spring. It is hot, dry, and very dusty here, with sand storms in the summer. I enjoy reading the letters from the M. G. R. family.—Discouraged Farmer's Wife.

Dear Friends—Will you admit a Nebraska girl to your circle? I, like Michigan Girl, am sorry for all who have been called upon to give up their mothers. I lost my dear mother four years ago. I was barely eighteen years old, and the eldest daughter of a family of six children. I have kept house ever since, and have tried to be a mother in my care of the little ones. I am older than some of you were, but, girls, if you will try and look on the bright side of things, it will be easier.

Our mothers are beyond care, worry and sorrow; and while our best friend is mother, we are not very apt to stray or do wrong when we know our "best friend" is in heaven.

I love music and am very fond of reading. I think we should choose our literature as we do our friends, and not read to ourselves what we would blush to read in public.—A Little Friend.

M. G. R. AFFAIRS.
While the following letter from "Florida Old Man" is a personal letter to Miss Prudence, she is taking the liberty of using an extract from it, because she knows so many of her bright circle will be interested. This is a part of the letter, written January 10: "I leave today for my trip to the Orient, and you will probably not hear from me again until I reach Egypt, where I trust to find something of interest for our column, or I may write from Jerusalem."

Let us all wish him a pleasant journey and a safe return. I is a wonderful trip he is about to take, and we hope he will find time to write us a descriptive letter.

M. S. McKimmey, otherwise Oregon Bach., wishes the editor to say that he cannot possibly answer the great number of letters he is receiving regarding the opportunities for homeseekers in Oregon as described in his letter to the M. G. R. in The Blade of December 26. He says: "I have received hundreds of letters, half of which have not been opened, and the mail is bringing them to me faster than I can take the time to read them."

Lily of the Valley from Old Buckeye: Your rural route number given with your address is not plain enough for Miss Prudence to be sure what it is. Kindly send it again and I will print your request.

Miss Martha De Camp, Bellevue, Mich., Eaton Co., would like to exchange postcards with those who are willing, and promises to send one in return for each one received.

Recently received letters are from Salome of Indiana, Oregon Bach, Sweet Marie, Emma Thankson, Luther, the West Virginian, Nebraska Blue Bell, Anxious One, Brown Eyes, J. A. G. of Penna., Mrs. Charles A. Burrows, and Cherokee Girl.

Letters From Children

Dear Children: We are glad to have so many of you write to The Household Page, but I want to ask you not to be disappointed if it seems a long time before your letters are printed. We can use space for the children's letters only once in two weeks, so you see it takes some time to get around. You are very welcome visitors, and we wish we could treat you better by publishing your letters faster, but none is thrown away. With love from the editor to her little folks.

My aunt sends your paper to mamma. I have read the children's letters, and I thought I would write. I hope to see my letter in print. I am twelve years old. I live in Mahomet, Illinois. I go to school, but I didn't go today on account of sore throat. I have ranked one every month so far. I have two brothers younger than myself. I have written a poem of thirteen verses and must now copy it over to give to a friend.—Emma Miner.

I am a little girl eleven years old. I live in Burlington, near the fair grounds. Papa takes The Blade, and we like it very much. I go to school. I like to go very well. I will write no more. Fear you will not like my letter. Good-by.—Ada Roberson.

I am a little girl nine years old. I like to read The Toledo Blade. We live in Shabbona. My papa carries mail. Mamma is his substitute. We have four horses. We live on a farm and keep four cows. I have one sister and three brothers. My oldest brother is going away to school. I go to school every day. It is about forty rods from our place to the schoolhouse. I will close with best wishes.—Hazel Granger.

I am a little girl eight years old. I go to school every day. My papa is a farmer. We have five head of horses, six cows and five young cattle. Our barnyard fowls are geese, turkeys and chickens. I raised 21 pet geese last summer. It was fine sport taking care of them. I can play a little on the organ. I have one big brother and two sisters. I had two grandmas living with us till the second of December. My papa's mother died. She was 81 years old. My other grandma is 79. We do miss our dear old grandma. I wish a happy New Year to all.—Jessie Rose.

I am a little girl about eleven years old. I have a little brother six years old. I go to school every day. I live on the farm. We have two horses. We have about ten cows, two cats and one dog. I am in the seventh grade. I like to live in the country, but would rather live in town. Yours truly—Dorothy Osborn.

I am a little girl nine years old, and live with my grandfather on a farm in East Tennessee, eleven miles from Knoxville. Grandpa takes The Blade and I like to read it for him. I go to school every day, and am in the third grade. I have one brother who is six years old. I have no sisters. We have one horse and a little mule. We have one cow and calf.—Trula Koontz.

I enjoy reading the letters in the Cozy Corner, and I thought I would write. I am thirteen years old, and live in a newly settled country—Oklahoma, in Texas county, which used to be Beaver county. I live on a farm of 160 acres. There are several dugouts in this country, and I go to school in a dugout. This is a vast, level country, and there are many wolves here. I like music and have a piano and can play a little. Yours truly.—Lillie Moare.

I am twelve years of age and live two miles west of Peru, Neb. I go to school every day. I love music and can play some. We have taken The Blade for several years, and I enjoy reading the Cozy Corner as well as the letters from children. With much love and best wishes to all.—Cora Anderson.

Papa takes The Blade and I like to read it. I am a little girl eleven years old. I have one sister and two brothers at home. I go to school in the fourth grade. We live in the country on a farm. I read the letter from Zoena Durnal and thought it real nice. I wish she would write again.—Lillie Kimes.

I am a little boy seven years old. I live in Indiana. I go to school every day. I am in the third reader. My papa takes The Blade. I enjoy reading the letters of the Cozy Corners.—Joe A. Stewart.

I am a little boy nine years old and live on a farm in Mercer county Penn. I go to school and have not missed a day or been late. I live half a mile from the schoolhouse. I will tell you some of my pets. I have a colt, three sheep, and a dog and a cat.—Good-bye.—Ralph P. McCracken.

I have been reading the children's letters, and I thought I would write a letter, too. I am a farmer's daughter, and that is one of the things I am proud of. I am twelve years old and am in the seventh grade. I have one brother, but no sisters. I have for pets two kittens, a dog, and a black hen. I call my hen Blackie. We take The Blade and like it very much. With best wishes to all.—Michigan Girl.

THE POETS' CORNER

A Little Pilgrim.
One summer's evening, ere the sun went down,
When city men were hastening from the town,
To reach their homes—some near at hand, some far—
By snorting train; by omnibus or car,
To be beyond the reach of city din—
A tram-car stopped, a little girl got in;
A cheery-looking girl, scarce four years old;
Although not shy, her manners were not bold;
But all alone! one scarce could understand,
She held a little bundle in her hand—
A tiny handkerchief with corners tied,
But which did not some bread and butter hide;
A satin scarf, so natty and so neat,
Was o'er her shoulders thrown. She took her seat,
And laid her bundle underneath her arm,
And smiling prettily, but yet so calm,
She to the porter said, "May I sit here?"
He answered instantly, "Oh, yes, my dear."
And there she seemed inclined to make her stay,
While once again the tram went on its way.
The tall conductor—over six feet high,
Now scanned the travelers with a business eye;
But in that eye was something kind and mild,
That took the notice of the little child.
A little after, and the man went round,
And soon was heard the old familiar sound
Of gathering pence, and clipping tickets, too—
The tram was full and he had much to do.
"Your fare, my little girl," at length he said—
She looked a moment—shook her little head.
"I have no pennies; don't you know," said she,
"My fare is paid, and Jesus paid for me?"
He looked bewildered—all the people smiled;
"I didn't know; and who is Jesus, child?"
"Why, don't you know, He once for sinners died,
For little children, and for men beside.
To make us good and wash us from our sin;
Is this His railway I am traveling in?"
"Don't think it is! I want your fare, you know."
"I told you Jesus paid it long ago:
My mother told me just before she died,
That Jesus paid when he was crucified,
That at the Cross His railway did begin,
Which took poor sinners from a world of sin;
My mother said His home was grand and fair—
I want to go and see my mother there—
I want to go to heaven where Jesus lives,
Won't you go too? My mother said He gives
A loving welcome—shall we be too late?
Oh, let us go before He shuts the gate.
He bids us little children come to Him."
The poor conductor's eyes felt rather dim,
He knew not why—he fumbled at his coat,
And felt a substance rising in his throat.
The people listened to the little child,
Some were in tears—the roughest only smiled,
And some one whispered as they looked amazed:
"Out of the mouth of babes the Lord is praised."
"I am a pilgrim," said the little thing;
"I'm going to heaven. My mother used to sing
To me of Jesus and His Father's love;
Told me to meet her in His home above,
And so today when aunt went out to tea,
And looking out I could not father see,
I got my bundle—kissed my little kit,
(I am so hungry—won't you have a bit?)
And got my hat, and then I left my home,
A little pilgrim up to heaven to roam;
And then your carriage stopped, and I could see
You looked so kind. I saw you beckon me,
I thought you must belong to Jesus' train.
And are you just going home to heaven again?"
The poor conductor only shook his head;
Tears in his eyes—the power of speech had fled,
Had conscience by her prattle roused his fears
And struck upon the fountain of his tears,
And made his thoughts in sad confusion whirl?
At last he said, "Once I'd a little girl,
I loved her much; she was my little pet,
And with great fondness I remember yet
How much she loved me. But one day she died."
"She's gone to heaven," the little girl replied;
"She's gone to Jesus," Jesus paid her fare.
Oh, dear conductor, won't you meet her there?"
The poor conductor now broke fairly down;
He could have borne the hardest look or frown,
But no one laughed; but many sitting by
Beheld the scene with sympathetic eye.
He kissed the child, for she his heart had won.
"I am so sleepy," said the little one.
"If you will let me, I'll lie here and wait
Until your carriage comes to Jesus' gate.
Be sure you wake me up, and pull my frock,
And at the gate give just one little knock!
And you'll see Jesus there." The strong man wept.
I could but think as from the car I stept,
How oft a little one has found the road,
The narrow pathway to that blest abode;
Through faith in Christ has read its title clear.
While learned men remain in doubt and fear.
A little child! The Lord oft uses such
To break or bend, the stoutest heart to touch,
Then by His Spirit bid the conflict cease,
And once for ever enter into peace,
And then along the road the news we bear,
We're going to heaven—that Jesus paid our fare!

Who Will Care for Mother Now?
Why am I so weak and weary?
See how faint my heated breath;
All around to me seems darkness.
Tell me, comrades, is this death?
Ah! how well I know your answer;
To my fate I meekly bow,
If you'll only tell me, truly,
Who will care for Mother now?

CHORUS.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow;
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for Mother now?

Who will comfort her in sorrow?
Who will dry the falling tear?
Gently smooth her wrinkled forehead?
Who will whisper words of cheer?
Even now I think I see her,
Kneeling, praying for me! How
Can I leave her in her anguish?
Who will care for Mother now?

Let this knapsack be my pillow,
And my mantle be the sky;
Hasten, comrades, to the battle;
I will, like a soldier, die.
Soon with angels I'll be marching,
With bright laurels on my brow.
I have for my country fallen,
Who will care for Mother now?

The Broken Promise.
I promised to love and obey him forever,
To keep faith and truth, and that nothing should sever
The tie that hath bound us together on earth
For good or for evil, or all that life's worth;
To pray with and for him, and help to bestow
A blessing and comfort on him here below
To hide all his faults, all his secrets to keep,
To encourage and aid—nor give cause to weep;
Leave all my friends and cling to his side,
And never forsake him, let what would betide.

Before God and man I promised all this,
With him by my side adding faith to my bliss;
My heart beating peacefully, all seemed to unite
To crown all my wishes with joy and delight.
Yet a voice sounds low on the still cold air,
Offering forgiveness and promises fair,
That a fond, true heart and a home of delight
Remains for me yet, if I choose to do right.

In the dead of the night, when all are at rest,
That still, small voice says, "Return and be blest;
Return ere the hour of forgiveness is part;
Return, for you know not how long life may last.
Return, ere the deathwatch hath sounded your fate,
Or the God you've offended will echo, "Too late."
Repent and forgive, or you'll ne'er be forgiven,
For falsehood and malice can ne'er enter heaven.
Remember the loved ones whom death has laid low;
Remember who gave them, and who can bestow."

I'm Lonely Since My Mother Died.
I'm lonely since my mother died,
Though friends and kindred gather near;
I cannot check the rising sigh,
Or stay the silent, heartfelt tear.
Of earthly friends she was the best,
My erring, youthful steps to guide,
Oh, do not smile because I weep;
I'm lonely since my mother died.

CHORUS.
I'm lonely since my mother died,
Though friends and kindred gather near;
I cannot check the rising sigh,
Or stay the silent, heartfelt tear.

You may not deem it brave or strong
To let these tears so often flow;
But those who've lost a mother's love
Can tell the tale of my sad woe.
Could I but call her back again,
And kneel once more down by her side,
I'd love her better than before;
I'm lonely since my mother died.

Oh, you who have a mother dear,
Let not a word give pain,
But cherish, love her with your life,
You ne'er can have her like again.
Then, when she's called from you away,
Across death's dark and troubled tide,
In pain with me you need not say,
I'm lonely since my mother died.

I Am Blind.
BY REV. D. H. BAKER.
My friend, I cannot labor,
I will try to get along.
My friend, I cannot labor,
I will try to sell my song;
I trust that you will buy it.
So pray be not unkind;
May kind heaven preserve you
From ever being blind.

Come all true hearted people,
Where ever you may be,
Do not refuse to pity
A poor blind one like me.
When quite a youth I lost my sight,
And now through the world I go,
The beauties all around me,
Alas! I little know.

You say that a large steamer,
A wonder proves to be;
At her I cannot look;
Dear friend I cannot see.
You say the day is lovely,
But you must bear in mind,
I cannot see its beauties
Alas! dear friends, I'm blind.

You now have got your eyesight
But ah! you can't tell
When He shall take it from you
Who doeth all things well,
I trust that in His wisdom
He never will design—
And ah! it is a sad thing
On earth for one that's blind.

God for you has provided—
We all must feil his rod,
But yet ye share the blessings,
Of our Creator, God;
God gives you hearts to pity,
So pray be not unkind,
I know you will assist me,
Because you see I'm blind.

You see the smiling rivers,
The flowers and the trees.
How happy I would be, dear friend,
To only gaze on these.
You view your brother's labor
Upon the natural soil—
Oh friends, had I my natural sight,
How I would love to toil.

If I could only see once more
The friends I love so well,
The joy that this poor heart would feel
No human tongue can tell,
There is a day when I shall see,
And God will give me light,
When I shall meet these friends above,
When the blind receive their sight.

POEMS WANTED.
Who knows the rest of the poem to which these lines belong:

Of all of the beautiful pictures,
Hung on memories' wall,
That of the dear, old forest is
The most beautiful of all.

Does anyone know a poem entitled Moses in the Rushes? It was published in a school reader some sixty years ago.

The song entitled Perry's Victory on Lake Erie is wanted.

Another song asked for is called, O! Bury Me Not in the Deep, Deep Sea.

A LITTLE CHAT.
The editor would like everyone who writes to this page to address The Weekly Blade, Toledo, Ohio, writing in the left hand corner "Household Editor." Kindly follow this form.

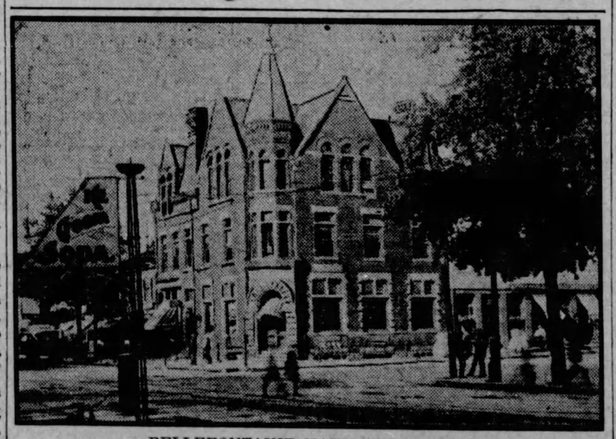
All requests for poems which are sent in now are not likely to receive immediate attention. We are trying to print, as fast as we can, the requests, and the poems which have been awaiting publication for weeks and months.

Poems recently received are: Little Boy Blue, The Forty Acre Farm, Mamie, and Litte Mohee.

John J. Sullivan: The Bridge was published in The Blade of November 21. Thank you, just the same, for sending a copy.

J. E. Thompson: If your verses are founded upon facts which are known to a number of people, I see trouble ahead for the editor of the Household page if they should be printed. There are none who like to be made the subject of jest, either in prose or verse. If you wish the verses returned kindly send stamps. Your "spring song" is still being held in reserve.

These poems are asked for: Angels of Buena Vista, Grandmother's Story of Bunker Hill Battle, and Barbara Frietchie. These are too long to publish in the Poets' Corner. They are requested by Caroline Kenyon, Monterey, Schuyler Co., New York.



BELLEFONTAINE NATIONAL BANK.
One of the Buildings in the Home Town of Mrs. Anna V. Downs, Who Belongs to the M. G. R. Circle.

NATURE INTENDED WHAT WAS RIGHT.

Great Achievements.

Nature provides everything necessary for human existence. The more we penetrate the secrets of nature the more we find to wonder at and to convince us that the closer we live to the laws of nature the healthier we are. We can prolong life by keeping the body in health, strong to resist the attack of disease germs. Practice preventive medicine, in keeping the blood pure and the principal organs active. Do not repose in the false idea that some tonic, made largely of alcohol, will give you strength; it is only a false strength at best and means the shrinking up of the red blood corpuscles. Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, of Buffalo, N. Y., never believed in a tonic or blood medicine made with alcohol, so he set about to *find in nature* that which would increase the red blood corpuscles and tone up and strengthen the human system. This he found in certain medicinal roots and barks, which he made into an alterative extract called Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is a tonic and blood-maker without a particle of alcohol or any narcotic contained in it. Nervous exhaustion, when the slightest exertion tires one, sleeplessness, pimples, boils, catarrh or colds are the warning signals that the blood is not in a healthy state.

With a body that has been weakened by an attack of Typhoid, Grip or Pneumonia, nothing will put on healthy flesh so fast as this tonic alterative of Dr. Pierce, a truly "Golden Medical Discovery." It nourishes the blood, and, instead of the ill-shaped corpuscles, the person's blood takes on a rich red color and the corpuscles are more nearly round.

Nervousness and nervous affections is only the cry of the starved nerves for food, and, when the nerves are fed on rich red blood, the person loses those irritable feelings, sleeps well at night and feels refreshed in the morning. Dr. Pierce also advises simple diet, work, play, right exercise, frequent baths to keep the skin and pores clean, and a gentle laxative occasionally for the bowels. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are gently laxative, do not gripe, and are made entirely of vegetable ingredients. Do not eat too heartily, but when you do, take one as an after dinner pill.

In coughs and hoarseness caused by bronchial, throat and lung affections, except consumption in its advanced stages, the "Golden Medical Discovery" is a most efficient remedy, especially in those obstinate, hang-on-coughs caused by irritation and congestion of the bronchial mucous membranes.

Bear in mind that each and every ingredient entering into the "Discovery" has received the endorsement of the leading medical men of our land, who extol each ingredient in the highest terms. What other medicine put up for sale through druggists can show any such *professional* endorsement?

HARRY B. WHITE.

I want to inform you what your medicine has done for me. I had been troubled with blood and liver trouble for years. I spent many dollars doctoring and with the best specialists in Pittsburg, Pa., and found no cure. I was troubled with bad blood, and breaking out sores. Concluded to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. I have taken four bottles and feel like a new man. I feel sound and well as any man. My blood is good and I can sleep well. Have no more blood and liver trouble. Thanks to Dr. R. V. Pierce for what his medicine has done for me. I hope others will try his medicine for the same troubles. It is a great blood purifier.

Yours respectfully,
HARRY B. WHITE.

Address furnished on request and many other testimonials from prominent people.

The reason *why* "Golden Medical Discovery" cures these and many other affections, is clearly shown in a little book of extracts from the standard medical works which is mailed *free* by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., to anyone sending request for the same with post-office address.

To aid in healing old sores, or ulcers, apply Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve to them while taking the "Golden Medical Discovery" to purify and enrich the blood.

Dr. Pierce's All-Healing Salve is cleansing and pain relieving. It destroys the bad odors arising from suppurating, or running, sores and puts them in the best possible condition for healing.

The "All-Healing Salve" is a superior dressing for all open, running, or suppurating, Sores or Ulcers. For healing open wounds, cuts and scratches it is unsurpassed.

If your medicine dealer does not have the "All-Healing Salve" in stock mail 50 cents in postage stamps to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y., and you will receive it by return post.

MUST REVISE TARIFF, SAYS BEVERIDGE

Indiana Senator Also Declares We Must Stop Child Labor.

New Haven, Conn., Jan. 18.—Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, delivered an address under the auspices of the Forum at Yale university last night. The address was made before an audience which crowded Hendrie hall to its utmost capacity, and many persons had to be turned away because of lack of room. Chief Justice Baldwin, of the Connecticut supreme court, presided, and introduced Senator Beveridge, who, speaking on "The Meaning of the Times," said in part:

"The meaning of the times is the organization of honesty. The nation is writing into law, for all men to obey, those rules of fair dealing which, without any law, most men already obey.

"Nothing wrong is ever made right without pain. There is no such thing as a comfortable reform.

"We must revise our tariff, and that is a big thing; but we must do more—we must now make sensible, up-to-date plans for revision, and that is a bigger thing. There are nearly four thousand items named in our tariff laws, and every year new articles are put on the market which are not named, but which are covered by general terms of the law.

"Also we must stop child labor in our mills, mines and sweatshops. The only reason for this national evil is greed."

PLOT AGAINST FLEET

The Brazilian Police Thwart Plans of Anarchists.

Battleships to Leave Rio Tuesday—Evans Still Suffers From Rheumatism.

Rio de Janeiro, Jan. 20.—The Brazilian police have discovered an anarchistic plot here having as its object the destruction of part of the American fleet now lying in the harbor. The conspiracy, while centering in Rio Janeiro and Petropolis, has ramifications in Sao Paulo and Minas Geraes. Jean Fedher, of Petropolis, was the chief conspirator here, although it is understood that foreign anarchists are involved in the plot. Fedher is believed to have fled to Sao Paulo, and the police, who know him, have been sent to that place for the purpose of apprehending him.

In an official note, which the chief of police sent to the correspondent of the Associated Press, he says:

"Some time before the arrival of the American fleet at Rio Janeiro, the Brazilian government received from Washington and Paris, advices that anarchists of different nationalities intended to damage one or several of the ships of the American fleet. The names and addresses of the conspirators were indicated by information which the police here had received previously from France and Germany. The police of this district are working with the police of Sao Paulo and Minas Geraes, and I am sure every precaution will be exercised and the most rigorous vigilance observed both on land and at sea to prevent any injury being done."

The chief of police, after having made this official statement, said that he did not feel he should go into any further details with regard to the conspiracy, but he authorized the statement that the plot was organized by Fedher, and he added that the people of the United States could rest easy, as all of the conspirators had taken refuge in the interior.

Admiral Evans is still suffering from rheumatism in his right foot, but declares that otherwise his health is perfect.

The battleship fleet is scheduled to leave Rio Tuesday for Punta Arena, on the Straits of Magellan.

Report Not Credited.

Washington, Jan. 20.—The reported plot to blow up one or more ships of the Atlantic battleship fleet at Rio de Janeiro is regarded at the White House as a repetition of one of the many rumors which are constantly being presented to the secret service agents of the government by persons who claim to possess information which they are willing to part with for a consideration. No credence is placed here in the existence of an actual plot.

It is understood that the information originated in Paris, from which point it was communicated to the secret service bureau of the treasury department, and through that medium to Admiral Evans and the authorities of the South American country.

RAIL TO GUATEMALA

Has Been Dream of Promoters for Many Years.

Great Work Made Possible by American Enterprise—Connects Two Oceans.

Guatemala City, Guatemala, Jan. 20.—The Guatemala Northern railway, the third line of rails within Latin America, connecting the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, was opened yesterday with elaborate ceremonies. President Cabrera, with the high officials of the government, was present ot the ceremonies, and an American delegation, which included Major General George W. Davis, who represented the United States, was in attendance to do honor to a great work, made possible by American enterprise.

The Guatemala Northern railway has been the dream and despair of engineers and presidents for half a generation. The first spike was driven in 1892 and the first train ran on the road in 1907. President Barrios had hoped to see the port bearing his name, Puerto Barrios, connected with the capital of the republic, Guatemala City, but he was disappointed.

American Capital.

At one time C. P. Huntington invested money in the road, but he did not push it through. It remained for President Estrada Cabrera to inspire capital to carry on the work to a successful conclusion.

The Guatemala Northern railway, from Puerto Barrios to Guatemala City, is 195 miles long. The highest point is at La Cumbre, 5,000 feet above sea level, yet the maximum grade is only three per cent. For 135 miles the line, after leaving Puerto Barrios, does not ascend much above the level of the coast, but the last 60 miles are within the mountains, where some of the engineering feats are remarkable. There are numerous tunnels, the longest being 2,000 feet, cut through solid rock. The longest stretch of straight track is less than a mile. In all, seventy bridges were constructed, the two most important being a short distance from Guatemala City. One of these crosses Las Vacas, a ravine 244 feet in depth.

The railway has cost the government immense sums, and within the four years of construction of the present owners, $5,000,000 has been spent to complete the thirty or forty miles left by previous concessionaires.

The distance from Guatemala City to the port on the Pacific side, San Jose, is 75 miles over the Guatemala Central (southern) railway, which was completed by William Nanne, an American, and opened in 1884. Guatemala has nearly one hundred additional miles of railroad, chiefly on the Pacific side.

Important Branch.

The most important branch runs toward the Mexican frontier, and lacks only thirty miles of reaching Ayutla on the border, where it will within a short time be joined by the spur from the Mexican railway, now under construction. When this gap is joined, there will be all-rail communication between San Francisco or New York and Guatemala City.

The first rails connecting the Atlantic with the Pacific were laid in 1855 in Panama. Then came the transcontinental lines. On January 23, 1907, the second Latin American inter-oceanic line was completed, when the president of Mexico opened the Tehuantepec railway, which is 190 miles in length.

SMITH DIES SUDDENLY

Heart Trouble Kills Former Postmaster General.

Was Editor of Philadelphia Press and Had Served as Minister to Russia.

Philadelphia, Jan. 20.—Charles Emory Smith, editor of The Press, former minister to Russia and postmaster-general, died suddenly at his home in this city yesterday, aged 65 years. Death was caused by heart trouble.

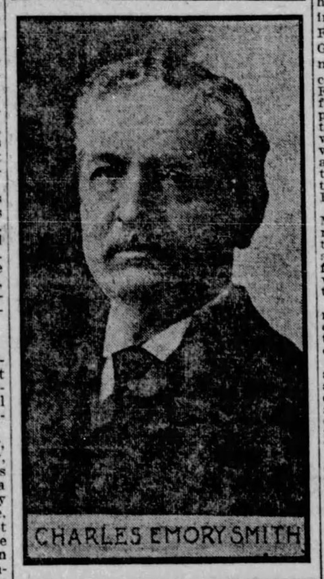
For about a month Mr. Smith had been in poor health, but his condition had not been regarded as serious. Following a dinner in New York on November 3, last, he suffered an acute attack of indigestion, which, according to his physician, gave indication of heart trouble. Shortly before Christmas he attended a dinner of the New England society in this city, though advised by his physician not to do so. He was toastmaster at the banquet and laughingly refererd to his illness and his embarrassment at finding himself seated almost opposite to his physician at the affair.

Contracted the Grip.

Before he had recovered from the effects of his first attack, Mr. Smith contracted the grip, which aggravated his heart trouble. One week ago he was ordered to Atlantic City to recuperate. He was accompanied by Mrs. Smith and

When he returned to his home here on Saturday night, he appeared to be bright and cheerful, except that he feit somewhat fatigued by his journey.

Mrs. Smith went to church yesterday morning and on her return to the house Mr. Smith was found dead, lying across the bed. He was partly clothed



CHARLES EMORY SMITH

and had apparently been stricken while on his way to the bathroom and thrown himself on the bed.

Mr. Smith was born in Mansfield, Conn., on February 12, 1842. He received his early education at Albany, N. Y., academy, and subsequently graduated from Union college. During the period when troops were being organized at Albany in 1861, Mr. Smith was appointed military secretary by General John F. Rathbone. Later he was made judge advocate general with the rank of general. Subsequently he was attached to the office of adjutant general of the state of New York until Horatio Seymour became governor. He resigned and for a time was a teacher in the Albany academy, a place which he left to accept an editorial position on the Albany Express. In 1870 Mr. Smith went to the Albany Journal, of which publication he later became editor-in-chief. In 1880 he was given the post of editor of the Press. As the result of his services rendered to various administrations through his editorial and political labors he was appointed minister to Russia in 1890.

Made Postmaster General.

In the spring of 1898 he was given the portfolio of postmaster general in the cabinet of President McKinley, a post which he held through the period of the Spanish-American war and through part of President Roosevelt's administration.

The practical establishment of rural free delivery, and the creation of the mail service in Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines marked his tenure of office as postmaster general.

Mr. Smith was twice married, his second wife being Miss Henrietta Nichols, of New York, whom he married at the home of her mother, Mrs. Washington Romaine Nichols, at Elberon, N. J., on October 3, last. Besides the widow, he is survived by a brother and sister.

ASK A CHANCE FOR THE COLORED MAN

Noted Men Speak at Meeting to Launch Campaign to Raise Money for Tuskogee.

New York, Jan. 18.—A northern governor, a southern editor and an intellectual leader whose activities are confined to no section, gave sympathetic expression to the needs, aims and hopes of the colored race before a noteworthy audience at Carnegie Hall last night. To these personally delivered addresses were added similar sentiments in the form of messages from Cardinal Gibbons and British Ambassador James Bryce.

With unanimity these men advocated further opportunity for this less fortunate people, through popular support of Tuskegee Institute in the interests of which the meeting was held.

"We can never afford to lose sight of the fundamental objects alike of enlightened self-interest, of philanthropy and of patriotism," said Governor Hughes. "These are first, to give opportunity and stimulus, so that each man may make the most of himself. A few centuries ago the ancestors of most of us were living a savage life in the forests of northern Europe. The black man is entitled to his chance."

The other formal addresses were by Editor Henry Watterson, who spoke on "The Negro's Future," and Booker T. Washington, who told of the work of the educational institution of which he is the head.

The meeting was arranged by the Armstrong association, its purpose being to launch a campaign of money raising for Tuskegee.

Stomach Troubles Vanish Like Magic

FREE to Every Man or Woman

Would you like to eat all you want to, and what you want to, when you want to, without a chance for trouble in your stomach?

Would you like to say farewell for the rest of your life to Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Sour Stomach, Distress after eating, Nervousness, Catarrh of the Stomach, Heart Fluttering, Sick Headache and Constipation?

Then send me 10 cents to cover cost of packing and I will mail you absolutely free one of these wonderful Stomach Drafts. They regulate the bowels, relieve soreness, strengthen every nerve and muscle of your stomach, relieve you at once and make you feel like a new man or woman. So write today enclosing 10 cents for the postage, etc., and get one of these wonderful Stomach Drafts that are celebrated because they cure where medicines fail. Write Dr. G. C. Young, 139 National Bank Bldg., Jackson, Mich.

DEFEAT OF TRIBESMEN

Terrific Engagement Lasted for Ten Hours.

Camp Is Destroyed and French Troops Occupy Another Moorish Town.

Tangier, Jan. 17.—News has reached here of a terrific ten hours' engagement in a ravine near Settat between a French column under the command of General D'Amade and a column commanded by Mulai Rachid, one of the chiefs of Mulai Hafid's forces. The French gained a splendid victory in the face of heavy odds, succeeding in dispersing the enemy and occupying Settat. Twenty of the French soldiers were wounded, but many of the Arabs were killed. The latter not only offered a dogged and fearless defense, but returned repeatedly to the battle after they had been routed and attacked the French from three sides.

In the later hours of the fighting Mulai Rachid's column was suddenly reinforced by the powerful Chaouia tribe, which figured in the massacres at Casablanca, and which had arrived from the mountains at the very moment when Mulai Rachid was about to retreat.

Under the combined charge of the now confident Moors, the French not only held their ground, but steadily threw back the enemy, driving them eventually in mad haste to the hills.

The engagement between the French and Moors followed immediately upon a 25 hours' march of General D'Amade's column, and under these trying circumstances the French forces are considered to have shown more than ordinary stamina and bravery. The French wounded include three officers.

After destroying the camp of the enemy at Settat, General D'Amade pushed forward and occupied Kasbah Ber Rohid.

JAP FLEET AT HOME

Reports That Warships Are Cruising Are Unfounded.

Premier Expresses Confidence in Satisfactory Settlement of Immigration Question.

Tokio, Jan. 18.—Reports attributing sinister designs to the Japanese naval administration in connection with the Pacific squadron are absolutely unfounded. Vice-Admiral Salto, minister of the navy, said to the correspondent of the Associated Press today:

"We have no secrets from America concerning the distribution of our fleet. Daily reports are handed the naval attaches showing the whereabouts of every vessel, which can easily be ascertained. Everyone of the battleships is now on the home station, and the entire flotillas of torpedo boats and submarines are at the same stations.

At Chinese Ports.

"The only Japanese war vessels now outside of home waters are one cruiser at each of the following Chinese ports: Hankow, Fuchow, Amoy and Yingkow; two at Shanghai and three small ships at Korea."

Commander John A. Dougherty, the American naval attache, said:

"I can positively confirm the statement of the minister of the navy from my own knowledge. There is no vessel absent from the home waters except those on the regular Chinese stations and a few old vessels at Korea."

The Constitutionalists at a general meeting today passed resolutions supporting the government measure to be submitted to the diet. Marquis Saionji, the premier, in a speech emphasized the amicable relations between Japan and the powers. He said that the immigration problem was practically settled with Canada and that he confidently expected a satisfactory understanding with the United States.

To Hold Meeting.

The Progressists will hold a general meeting tomorrow at which Marquis Okuma, the leader of the opposition, is expected to make an address. It is reported that the meeting will probably adopt a manifesto severely criticising the government.

THAW WEEPS AT STORY

Witness Herself Breaks Down While Testifying.

Court Refuses to Exclude the Public While Young Wife Is on Stand.

New York, Jan. 20.—Over the objection of District Attorney Jerome, who declared the recital three years before the tragedy could have had no effect upon the defendant's mental condition at the time he killed Stanford White, Mrs. Evelyn Nesbit Thaw took the witness stand at the trial of Harry K. Thaw, her husband, today, and told again the story of her alleged experiences as a girl of 16 in New York, of her meeting with Stanford White, of the house of the velvet swing and the mirrored room; all, she declared, exactly as she told it to Thaw in Paris, in June, 1903, when he had asked her to become his wife.

The story was told to a filled court room, Justice Dowling overruling the motion of District Attorney Jerome to close the doors to all persons not officially connected with the case. Mr. Littleton, for the defense, refused to join in the motion, saying he preferred to leave the matter entirely to the discretion of the court.

Both Break Down.

Young Mrs. Thaw's voice broke at one time during her recital, and the defendant also wept; but the electric effect of the testimony as given last year was missing. This was largely due to the course of the district attorney, who interposed an almost continuous stream of objections and was nearly always on his feet, standing just between the witness and the defendant.

The attitude of the prosecutor awoke a tone of defiance in the witness' voice, and this did not aid the story; but the jury and court room listened intently.

There was no variance in the recital from last year's narration, but it was shorter, at the instance both of the court and of the district attorney. Mr. Littleton resented Mr. Jerome's manner several times and once protested against the prosecutor attempting to lecture the witness.

District Attorney Jerome this morning renewed his motion of last Friday afternoon that the public, including the representatives of newspapers, be excluded from the court room.

Justice Dowling said he had consulted all the authorities cited by the district attorney and could find no warrant under the constitution for excluding the public from a capital case. The harm done by publishing the details of revolting testimony, he added, was more than offset by the safeguards thrown around a defendant by granting him a speedy and public hearing.

"The court will exclude anyone who conducts himself with propriety."

Objects to Story.

Mr. Littleton then asked Mrs. Thaw to tell the story of her experience with Stanford White as she told it to Thaw in Paris in 1903, when he asked her to become his wife.

District Attorney Jerome was at once on his feet with a strenuous objection.

He argued the matter at some length. "Here is a recital of years before the homicide," declared the prosecutor. "It certainly does not come within the Wood case, where the man to whom the story was told was so mentally affected that he immediately went off and killed a man. It is absurd on the face of it to say that this conversation three years before accounted for the insanity of the defendant at the time of the killing."

Justice Dowling interrupted the district attorney to say that he found nothing in the authorities fixing a time limit to conversations or statements inducing or tending to induce insanity. He thought the Wood case covered the point and overruled the objection.

Mrs. Thaw Has Cold.

Young Mrs. Thaw was suffering today from a bad cold and coughed frequently while testifying.

In response to questions from Mr. Littleton she told the story again, but more briefly than last year, of her experience in the 24th street house, where she was taken to lunch with Stanford White and drank champagne and became dizzy. She told again of the velvet swing and the mirrored room and the big Japanese parasol attached to the ceiling.

Mrs. Thaw told of Thaw's threat to commit suicide early in 1904 and of an attempt at self-destruction later in the year in Europe.

Had Taken Laudanum.

She said: "I came in one day at Monte Carlo and Harry's face was chalky white. I asked him what was the matter and he said: 'I've done it. It is all over. Everything's all over.' I asked him what he meant. He said 'I've done. I've taken a bottle of laudanum.' I thought he was trying to scare me, but he told me where I could find the bottle and he got violently ill."

Mrs. Thaw then gave the details of securing physicians and the manner in which they worked over Thaw all night to save his life. This was the first new incident she testified to.

Going briefly over the incidents of 1904 in Europe, and of Thaw's repeated offers of marriage, the witness said the wedding finally occurred in Pittsburg in April, 1905.

BURIED 47 DAYS, SAVED

Entombed 1,000 Feet Below Earth's Surface.

A Six-inch Water Pipe Saved the Lives of the Imprisoned Men.

Ely, Nev., Jan. 20.—After having been entombed 46 days 1,000 feet below the surface in the Alpha shaft of the Giroux mine, A. D. Bailey, P. J. Brown and Fred McDonald were rescued Saturday night. Whistles all over the camp blew loudly, while crowds cheered in the streets of Ely to the ringing of bells.

"Ah," was the only word of Bailey, the first to reach the outer air. He tottered forward into the arms of comrades, who in a few minutes recuperated him.

"Is that you, Arthur?" queried Fred McDonald, as his brother stepped forward and embraced him after nearly seven weeks of separation. "By George, it certainly seems good to be out of that hole," he said as he was led away, telling his brother of his terrible experience.

Are Made Comfortable.

"Somebody give me a chew of tobacco," said Brown, with a laugh as he was led from the mine shaft to the change room of the mine where the three men were made comfortable.

On the morning of December 4, McDonald, Brown and Bailey and two Greeks were working in the bottom of a shaft 85 feet below the pump station and 1,085 feet below the surface. The shaft caved in, snapping the cable used to haul the cage from the shaft and hurling thousands of tons of rock and timbers into the shaft. From the bottom of the compartment in which the men were working to the pumping station, a series of rickety ladders offered the only means of egress.

With falling rocks and timbers streaming down on them the five men struggled up these ladders. Half way up falling timbers knocked the two Greeks from the ladders, killing them. Bailey, McDonald and Brown reached the pump station. Its timbered roof withstood the rock and timber that came down the shaft and offered them a safe prison where for a whole day the men crouched, while at intervals rocks and timbers kept crashing above them, threatening momentarily to crush the deep tomb.

Pipe Saved Lives.

At first it was thought on the surface that all five men had perished; but 24 hours after the accident the three buried men managed to make themselves heard by tapping on a six-inch water pipe that reached from the pumping station to the surface. Communication was established with the world above and food and drink were plenteously lowered through the pipe.

Clearing the debris was slow work, as timbers, rocks and earth were so twisted together that a new shaft had to be cut for most of the 1,000 feet. At no time did the entombed men suffer greatly except for the distastefulness of their forced seclusion.

TO BOMBARD PORTS.

Gonavies and St. Marc Declared to Be Blockaded.

American Yacht Eagle Hurries to Scene of Hostilities—Trouble Due to Politics.

Port Au Prince, Jan. 18.—The government has declared the ports of Gonavies and St. Marc, which are occupied by insurgents, to be blockaded. Preparations are being made to bombard them.

The American converted yacht Eagle arrived her yesterday and her commander, Lieutenant Commnader George R. Marvell, after an interview with the American minister, Dr. Furniss, proceeded with the Eagle for St. Marc.

The report that General Jadotte, commandant of the government troops in the Gonavies district, had been shot and killed by insurgents, has been confirmed.

General Deslouches, commanding the revolutionary troops, has been killed in an action at St. Marc.

The cities of the republic, excepting Gonavies and St. Marc, are quiet. The diplomatic corps has made a formal protest against the government project to bombard towns held by the insurgents.

Revolutionists Repulsed.

Washington, Jan. 18.—The state department has received advices concerning the recent revolutionary attempt in Hayti in the shape of two cablegrams from American Minister Furniss, at Port Au Prince. In the first dispatch Mr. Furness stated that the towns of Gonavies and St. Marc were in the hands of the revolutionists; that there was a battle and that the revolutionists were repulsed. Telegraphic communication had been interrupted.

The second dispatch stated that Mr. Furness had had an interview with President Nord, of Hayti, who had insisted upon bombarding St. Marie.

Lieutenant Commander Marvel had protested against the bombardment until a reasonable time had been allowed in which to move the women and children and non-combatants from the port.

An election for members of the house of representatives is in progress in Hayti, and to the excitement incident to the campaign is ascribed in some quarters the troubles which have culminated in the revolutionary outbreak.

MITCHELL'S LAST MEETING

United Mine Workers' Head Will Preside Tomorrow.

Indianapolis, Jan. 20.—One thousand delegates have arrived for the nineteenth annual convention tomorrow of the United Mine Workers of America. National and district officers are here. John Mitchell, president of the organization, will deliver his farewell address tomorrow at the close of his annual report, and on April 1 will retire. He says his actions after April 1 will depend entirely upon the state of his health.

The tellers are at work on the count of the votes of the different unions for national officers, and will not complete their work for several days. Friends of W. B. Wilson do not concede the election of Vice President T. L. Lewis to the presidency. Supporters of Lewis say he will be elected by a majority of 30,000. The reports of Vice President Lewis and Secretary-Treasurer Wilson will also be made tomorrow.

BALLOONISTS NOT GUILTY

Acquitted of Blame for Death of Young Woman.

Stanton, Mich., Jan. 18.—Paul Schultze and Earl Wilson, of Grand Rapids, were today found not guilty of the charge of manslaughter in connection with the death here last summer of Pearl Pion, a girl who was killed while making a balloon ascension. The girl fell with a wicker cannon from which she was to have been fired in mid?air afterward making a parachute descent. It was charged that the two men were careless in preparing the balloon apparatus for the ascension, which was the girl's first. The jury was out all night and today returned a verdict of not guilty.

OHIO GIRL IS RESCUED

Kidnaped by Chinese in Cincinnati Several Years Ago.

Pittsburg, Jan. 18.—Florence Livingstone, 16 years old, is in the hands of the police, having been captured in a raid on a house occupied by Lee Ping in the Chinese quarter. The girl says she was kidnaped from her parents in Cincinnati when she was nine years old, and since that time has been held by the Chinese as a slave, frequently passing from one Chinaman to another in different parts of the country. She says she was not allowed to write to her friends, and finally forgot even the name of the street on which she lived. She could tell the police nothing about her parents. She now speaks Chinese fluently.

KNOCKS OUT LOW RATES

Pennsylvania Supreme Court Declares It Unconstitutional.

Philadelphia, Jan. 20.—The two-cent railroad fare law, now in force in Pennsylvania was today declared unconstitutional by the state supreme court, which handed down an opinion affirming the decision of the common pleas court of Philadelphia, rendered last September.

The vote of the court was four to three, the dissenting opinion being handed down by Justice Mestrezat.

QUAKE DAMAGES A TOWN

First Shock Is Followed by a Tidal Wave.

Port Au Prince, Hayti, Jan. 16.—A serious earthquake has occurred at Gonaives, 65 miles northwest of this city. A few houses have been destroyed and others were damaged. No loss of life has been reported. Communication with the town is broken. The shocks continue. The first was followed by a tidal wave. Among the buildings destroyed are the commercial houses of Herrmann, Addor and Jolibert.

Gonaives is one of the most thriving towns of the Haytien republic. It is situated on the bay or gulf of Gonaives, 65 miles northwest of Port Au Prince. It has a good harbor. It exports coffee, dyewoods and cotton and imports from the United States dry goods and provisions. Gonaives is a bishop's see and has a population of about 18,000.

ACCEPT OLIVE BRANCH

Factional Differences in Ireland Have Been Buried.

Anti-Redmond Leaders, With Their Followers, Are Now Back in the Fold.

Dublin, Jan. 18.—The olive branch held out yesterday at the meeting of the Irish parliamentary party, which endorsed the national directory of the United Irish National League and expressed the opinion that the agreement recently arrived at between John Redmond and William O'Brien removed every objection that Nationalists outside the party had to rejoining the ranks, has been grasped by Mr. O'Brien and Timothy Healy, and the present prospect is that the next meeting of the party will find the two anti-Redmond leaders with their followers back in the fold.

Mr. O'Brien today wrote Mr. Redmond welcoming for himself and Mr. Healy the motion passed by the Irish parliamentary party, accepting the party's pledge and promising their cooperation in making the reunion of the Nationalist forces cordial and complete.

Mr. Redmond replied that he was exceedingly gratified at the communication, saying he was sure it was the wish of every one to bury the differences of the past.

HEAT IN AUSTRALIA IS FATAL TO THIRTY-TWO.

Melbourne, Australia, Jan. 20.—There is much suffering because of the unusual heat wave throughout Victoria. The people are obliged to sleep out of doors, and there have been many cases of sunstroke. Thirty-two deaths have been recorded from this cause during the past few days. The theatres are beginning to shut down.

REVOLUTION IS ENDED

Rebellion in Hayti Is Quickly Put Down.

Port Au Prince, Hayti, Jan. 20.—Government forces yesterday attacked the town of St. Marc, which was held by the revolutionists. The revolutionists surrendered after a slight resistance.

The government forces then marched towards Gonaives, which is completely surrounded. The government considers the revolution as practically ended.

MERRYMAKERS KILLED.

Band of Greeks Swoop Down Upon Macedonians.

Sofia, Bulgaria, Jan. 20.—News has reached here of a terrible tragedy which occurred at the village of Dragosh, near Monastir, a town in Macedonia, several days ago.

While a festival was in progress and the villagers were dancing upon the lawns in the public park, a large band of Greeks suddenly swooped down upon them, and after driving them into their houses, set fire to the buildings and burned them to death.

The victims included women and children, and numbered, it is said, between twenty-five and forty-five.

GIVES MONEY TO HOSPITAL

New York, Jan. 17.—The will of Peter Cumming, for many years president of the Broadway Savings Institution, who died at the age of 90, gives $60,000 to the Presbyterian hospital to endow in perpetuity a room or one or more beds for the benefit of employes or depositors of the bank with which he was so long connected.

IDLE MEN MARCH INTO CHURCH AND ASK FOR A COLLECTION

Boston, Jan. 20.—An "army of the unemployed, numbering about 300, under the leadership if Morrison I. Swift, who last week presented petitions for aid at the state house and city hall, assembled on Boston Common yesterday and marched unexpectedly to Trinity church, in Copley square, where Rev. Alexander Mann, the rector, was delivering a sermon before the usual aristocratic congregation. The men filed quietly into the church and were assigned to seats after the ushers had recovered from their surprise.

Just before Dr. Mann was to begin his sermon a note was sent to him by one of the visitors, asking him to preach on "The duty of the state and city to the unemployed," and to have a collection taken up for the benefit of the unemployed of Boston.

Dr. Mann read the communication aloud and stated that as the program for the days service had been made in advance he could not change it; also that the collection of the day was for the benefit of the foreign missions. He said he was glad the men had come, that he would be willing to talk upon the topic desired next Sunday and to take up such a collection as was asked for.

When the services were over Swift attempted to read a set of resolutions from the steps of the public library, but the gathering was broken up by the police.

WIRELESS MESSAGE SAVES A LIFE

Was About to Drink Poison on Board Ship When Restrained by Officers.

Fall River, Mass., Jan. 18.—That George H. Allen is alive today is due to the fact that there was a wireless telegraph installation on the Sound steamer Plymouth. While the steamer was on its way here from New York a wireless message was received to the effect that Allen was aboard and that he had left letters in New York saying he was going to kill himself.

A search of the steamer was made, and Allen was located in a state room with a bottle of poison which he was about to drink. He fought to be allowed to kill himself. He was restrained and brought here. His friends will have him sent to the state hospital at Binghamton, N. Y. Allen is 22 years of age, and is said to have been drinking heavily. When he made up his mind to kill himself he wrote a letter to Frank Campbell, a New York undertaker, for whom he used to work. When he received the letter Campbell sent the wireless message which saved the young man's life.

PRIZE WINNERS OF OHIO.

Many Premiums for Fruit Taken—Farnsworth in List.

Columbus, O., Jan. 17.—Ohio and West Virginia were conspicuous prize winners at the recent exposition held at Jamestown, Va. They considerably outranked many of the more important fruit producing states and set a good example to others that should have had displays. As was to be expected, the states nearest the exposition had the largest list of prizes, but with the exception of Louisiana and California, which latter is noted for its advertising of fruit interests, Ohio and West Virginia won a larger number of premiums in horticulture than any states west of the Alleghanies. The following list shows the winners of gold, silver and bronze medals in Ohio:

Gold Medals: Ohio state board of agriculture of Columbus, three collective exhibits of horticulture, potatoes and vegetables; J. C. Huffman, of Lancaster, apples; Livingston Seed company, of Columbus, tomatoes; M. T. Cox, of Rockwood, apples; J. F. Keller, of Newark, potatoes; A. H. Powell, of Newark, vegetables; William Miller, of Gypsum, fruits; M. I. Shively, of Chillicothe, apples; W. W. Farnsworth, of Waterville, apples.

Silver Medals: M. M. Miesse, of Lancaster, vegetables; E. S. Tussing, of Canal Winchester, vegetables and fruits; L. Rondebush, of New Richmond, Rome Beauty apples; Country Children's Home, of Newark, celery; S. R. Gill, of Port Clinton, fruits; Earl B. Tussing, of Canal Winchester, nuts and vegetables.

Bronze Medals: George Loucks, of Canal Winchester, apples; Jacob Fike, of Leipsic, fruits and vegetables; H. H. Overmeyer, of Lindsey, apples; S. A. Brookhart, of Wapakoneta, Northern Spy apples.

NEW RIFLES FOR GUARD

To Be Issued Militia of the Entire Country.

Boston, Jan. 16.—At the closing session yesterday of the National Guard convention, announcement was made by General Crozier, chief of the ordnance bureau of the United States army, through General Drain, as president of the National Rifle association, that the national guard throughout the country would be equipped before April 30, next, with the new model 1903 magazine rifle and 1906 ammunition. The report of the committee on encampments, maneuvers and practice, read by Major General William E. Harvey, of Washington, D. C., declared that too much time was lost in parade work and not enough taken in actual instruction.

General Carl F. Wagner, of Michigan, presented a report of the committee on small arms practice, which commended the remarkable increase in interest in gun practice among civilians, and urged that it be fostered in every way, especially by interstate and national competition. After final adjournment yesterday the delegates were the guests of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, of Boston, at a banquet.

ENDORSE BRYAN AT DINNER

Democrats Also Speak a Good Word for Roosevelt.

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 16.—Nearly 1,300 political friends and personal admirers of William J. Bryan last night attended a dollar Democratic dinner at the Auditorium. Half as many more occupied seats as spectators. The affair was intended as an endorsement of Bryan's candidacy for the presidential nomination.

The speeches were aggressively Democratic but good words were said for President Roosevelt, and kindly expressions were made for radical leaders in the Republican party. The speeches, with the exception of that of Governor Broward, of Florida, were long, with Mr. Bryan last on the program.

RECOGNIZES THE DEITY

Michigan's New Constitution to Be Religious.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 15.—Present indications are that the new constitution of the state of Michigan will carry the name of the Diety in its preamble, a feature that was missing from the old constitution.

The preamble of the old constitution merely says: "The people of the state of Michigan do ordain this constitution," but the constitutional convention now in session here has passed on its first reading the following preamble introduced by Delegate Cranor, of Kent county. "The people of the state of Michigan are grateful to the Almighty God for the blessings of freedom and earnestly desiring to secure these blessings undiminished to our posterity, do ordain this constitution."

In the discussion on the Cranor preamble, Delegate Burton, of Wayne county, said he was not particular as to whether the new preamble or the old was used, but called attention to the fact that the convention of 1835 debated long and bitterly over the old and finally adopted it as the only way of avoiding continuation of the strife.

DENIES THAT BRYAN WILL STEP ASIDE

Nebraskan's Press Agent Says Candidate Will Not Give Up the Race.

Washington, Jan. 20.—Willis J. Abbott, of the Bryan publicity bureau in this city, last night denied the published statement that he had received a letter from Mr. Bryan to the effect that he would stand aside should it develop that one-third of the delegates to the Denver convention opposed his nomination.

"I have never received a letter from Mr. Bryan making the statements attributed to him in this interview," Mr. Abbott declared, "and I have not heard from him on political matters for at least three weeks. So far as the statement that he had expressed the most pleasant, friendly sentiments toward Governor Hoke Smith, Senator Culberson and Governor Johnson is concerned, it is literally true. I would not have singled out these three gentlemen as the recipients of expressly or uniquely friendly utterances by him. I am willing, however, to state my personal belief—not speaking for Mr. Bryan—that I do not doubt that any present probable nominee of the Democratic convention will receive his hearty and loyal support."

Found $12,000 Pearl Necklace In a Cast-off Opera Cloak

New York, Jan. 17.—Mrs. William D. Little has recovered a $12,000 pearl necklace in a manner little short of miraculous. A fortnight ago Mr. and Mrs. Little went to the opera. In leaving the opera house the necklace, a wedding gift to Mrs. Little from her husband, became unhooked and taking it off, she thrust it into the pocket of her opera cloak. A day or two later Mrs. Little gave the cloak to her maid, having no further use for it. The maid, not being able to wear the cloak, sold it to an establishment where women's cast-off clothes are dealt in. This was two weeks ago. A day or two ago the woman who runs the clothes shop got the cloak out of a basket, where it had been thrown with other garments, for the purpose of renovating it. In the pocket she found the string of pearls. She thought at first they were imitation and when a jeweler

SAID 'USE CUTICURA'

Doctor Resorted to It—In Bad Case of Eczema on Child—Disease Had Reached a Fearful State—Pain and Itching Were Terrible.

HIS ORDER RESULTED IN CURE

"When I was small I was troubled with eczema for about three months. It was all over my face and covered nearly all of my head. It reached such a state that it was just a large scab all over, and the pain and itching were terrible. I doctored with an able physician for some time and was then advised by him to use the Cuticura Remedies, which I did, and I was entirely cured. I have not been bothered with it since. I used Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment, but do not know exactly how much was used to complete the cure. I can safely say that Cuticura did a lot for me. Miss Anabel Wilson, North Branch, Mich., Oct. 20, 1907."

BURY THEATRE DEAD.

Most of Funerals at Boyertown Held Without Services.

Municipal Authorities Will Erect Monument Over Graves of Unknown.

Boyertown, Pa., Jan. 16.—This little borough, which lost one-fifteenth of its population in the opera house horror Monday night, today turned to the task of burying its dead. Because of the condition of most of the bodies the borough authorities have asked the relatives to bury the dead within three days. All night long scores of men worked in the morgues, preparing the identified bodies for removal to their late homes or to the cemetery.

As early as 5 o'clock a long line of death wagons moved here and there about the town, distributing the corpses, and before nightfall some of the dead will be ready for interment.

More than 60 death certificates were issued up to 10 a. m., and most of these bodies will be buried during the day, many of them without any funeral ceremonies. There is not a clergyman in town able to conduct services. There will be no service in the Lutheran church Sunday.

It rained slightly this morning and there was a little fall of snow, but this did not deter the work of digging graves. A force of men started to dig graves in Fairview and Union cemeteries this morning and they will be relieved at intervals.

To Erect Monuments.

The borough has decided to buy eight lots for the burial of the unidentified dead. In the center of the plot sufficient space will be left for the erection of a monument.

The scenes about the morgue today are much the same as yesterday. Daylight found crowds around the entrances clamoring for admission. At 7 o'clock the doors were opened and the grewsome work of identifying the dead was again taken up. It is believed that more than fifty bodies w... never be identified.

RENTERS START A RIOT

Forcibly Resist Eviction by New York Landlord.

New York, Jan. 18.—Forcible resistance by tenants, whom an upper East Side landlord was trying to evict, resulted yesterday in the gathering of a crowd of 2,000 or more sympathizers in the neighborhood, who made so much trouble for the police that the precinct reserves were called out. During the rioting four women and a number of men were taken into custody.

The riotous demonstration began when a city marshal and about 25 assistants visited the block on the south side of East 104th street, between First and Second avenues, with 80 dispossess warrants for families who had unitedly demanded reduction in rent of a dollar a month and had refused to pay the landlord's collector more than the new rate they had fixed. The taking out of the furniture from the rooms of the first family was the signal for an attack on the marshal and his men by scores of tenants.

RECOMMENDS DEEP CANAL

Planned to Connect Hudson River With Lake Ontario.

Albany, N. Y., Jan. 20.—Superintendent of Public Works F. C. Stevens, in his annual report, recommends that congress be memorialized to join with the state in constructing a deep waterway from the Hudson river to Lake Ontario.

He points out that the dominion government is planning to build what will constitute a deep waterway, known as the Ottawa-Georgian Bay route, connecting Georgian bay with the St. Lawrence river. This will provide the shortest outlet by water for the grain, forest and mining products of the great northwest, and he doubts whether, should this be completed, the state with only a 1,000 ton canal, could hope to compete with Canada for the great lakes traffic.

SALT MONOPOLY IS KILLED

British Syndicate Appeals to Home Government.

Caracas, Venezuela, Wednesday, Jan. 15, via Willamsted, Curacao, Jan. 18.—President Castro has annulled the contract made by the government with the Venezuelan salt monopoly, limited, an English corporation with a capital of $450,000. This contract was signed in 1905. It leases to the company certain salt mines and gives it a monopoly of the sale of salt in Venezuela for ten years.

A representative of the Ethelburga Syndicate, Limited, of London, which owns both the salt and the match companies of Venezuela, has appeared at the British legation here and protested against the two decrees issued by President Castro declaring them to be both ruinous and illegal.

STILL RUSHING TO EUROPE

In 17 Days of January 30,056 Immigrants Have Returned.

New York, Jan. 18.—The rush of immigrants to return to Europe keeps up, and the figures for January will show an enormous increase over the same month last year. Already, in seventeen days, 30,056 steerage passengers have left New York as against 9,476 last year. During the same period this year only 7,138 steerage passengers have arrived at this port. The increase in eastbound steerage travel so far this month is 210 per cent and the outward flow is greater by 320 per cent than the incoming.

$400,000 FIRE IN CHICAGO

Several Firemen Are Injured While Fighting Flames.

Chicago, Jan. 18.—Property valued at more than $400,000 was destroyed by fire which started in a six-story brick building at 192 Randolph street last night. The flames originated in the third story of the structure, which was occupied by McNeil & Higgins, wholesale grocers. Several firemen were slightly injured in fighting the blaze.

CORTELYOU WINS SUIT

Court Denies Application for Restraining Order.

Washington, Jan. 21.—The application of George W. Austin, of New York, for a restraining order against Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou to prevent the latter from alloting $21,500,000 worth of Panama canal bonds to certain national banks, was yesterday denied by Justice Gould, of the supreme court of the District of Columbia. The court's decision was rendered following argument by counsel for Mr. Austin and the government. The ruling is practically a dismissal of the suit, although later in the week the district attorney will file a demurrer asking for a formal dismissal.

Mr. Austin's suit sought to enjoin Secretary Cortelyou from doing what was an accomplished fact and sought to invoke the injunctive power of the court in a matter within the discretionary power of a member of the executive branch of the government.

The circular which advertised for proposals for Panama bonds resreved the right to reject any bid. Judge Gould's decision hinged principally on this point, since it had been asserted by the secretary in his answer that Mr. Austin was financially irresponsible and that his particular bid was rejected because it was for the best interests of the government.

SMALLPOX IS EPIDEMIC

Disease Making Great Headway in Minnesota.

St. Paul, Minn., Jan. 17.—Smallpox is epidemic in Minnesota. In St. Paul the regular pest house is said to be full and the health department is caring for cases wherever found. State Health Inspector Sinks has just returned from Monterey and Triumph, in Martin county, where he found 116 cases. According to the inspector no attention was being paid to the disease by the local health boards.

Many of those ill with the disease were found attending to their regular duties, and no quarantine regulations were observed. The town butcher of Monterey, with his face and body showing every indication of smallpox in an advanced stage, was making deliveries as usual, and the town liveryman, similarly affected, was daily hauling passengers from the station to the hotel.

STATE BANKS OF MICHIGAN

Commissioner Favors Supervision of Trust Companies.

Lansing, Mich., Jan. 20.—In the nineteenth annual report of the state banking department made public yesterday by Banking Commissioner H. C. Zimmerman, the commissioner recommends that a new law be enacted to give the department the same supervision over trust companies that it has over banks. The report shows that there are at present in the state of Michigan 329 state banks, 93 National banks and six trust companies. During last year 21 new state banks were organized. The financial institutions under the supervision of the banking department are reported by the commissioner to be generally in excellent condition, on the whole showing substantial increase of business of the year.

TO BUILD UP RED CROSS

Will Begin Campaign for Increase of Membership.

New York, Jan. 18.—It has been determined by the American National Red Cross to enter at once into a general campaign for increase of membership, both annual and life.

At a recent meeting of the executive board in Washington, Edward R. Johnstone was appointed to the position of national registrar. His duties will include the promotion of publicity as to work, purposes and needs of the national, state and local societies, and more particularly the gaining of a membership, both annual and life, which will provide a permanent, increasing fund for the uses of the society.

ARREST IN THEATRE FIRE

Man Who Took Calcium Tanks at Boyertown in Custody.

Boyertown, Pa., Jan. 21.—A mild sensation was created here late last night when W. R. Javers, of Quakertown, Pa., was arrested by the state police in connection with last week's fatal fire. He was taken into custody on a warrant sworn out by Coroner Strasser and is accused of having been instrumental in the removal from the ruins of the theatre of the two tanks used in operating the calcium light at the entertainment.

The coroner wants to learn whether the tanks were tampered with and evidence of criminal negligence removed. It is alleged that an order which was represented to have been written by the coroner was presented to those who had charge of the ruins requesting them to permit the bearer to remove the tanks so that they might be transferred to a place of safety.

POLICE CLASH WITH MOB

Sabres Used on Unemployed Men in Berlin.

Berlin, Jan. 21.—There was a serious collision at a late hour this afternoon between the police of this city and a mob of unemployed men who earlier in the day had attended one of the mass meetings organized and addressed by the Socialists. The police used their sabres when the crowd hurled missiles at them and before order was restored many men were wounded.

MASONIC TEMPLE BURNS

Loss on Baltimore Building Placed at Quarter Million.

Baltimore, Jan. 17.—The Masonic Temple on North Charles street, between Lexington and Saratoga streets, was gutted by a fire which was discovered shortly after four o'clock this morning.

All of the structure above the second floor is a hollow shell. The loss on building and Masonic equipment was placed at $250,000.

FIVE OF A FAMILY DEAD

Two Others Are Dying—Ate Poisoned Bread.

Rockdale, Tex., Jan. 20.—Five of the seven members of the family of C. Sauer, a farmer, died of poison yesterday, and the other two are reported in a dying condition today. All became suddenly ill after eating supper Friday night. Arsenic has been found in the house, and it is believed that the poison was placed in the flour of which bread was made. Sauer and his wife and three of the children are dead.

SEES CIVIL WAR IN CUBA

Vatican Thinks Trouble Will Follow Troops' Withdrawal.

Rome, Jan. 21.—La Corrispondenza Romana, an organ of the vatican, declares today that the proposed withdrawal of the American troops from Cuba next year has produced a bad impression here. The paper foresees the immediate resumption of civil warfare arising from the excitement from the turbulent elements in Cuba.

CHARGE OF IMMORALITY

Senator Meck Accuses State School Examiners.

Columbus, O., Jan. 17.—Startling and sensational charges were made on the floor of the Ohio senate yesterday against the school department of the state.

Not in years has there been such an explosion in the general assembly as that of yesterday afternoon, when Senator Meck charged that there had been trafficking in teachers' certificates, sometimes for immoral purposes.

The gravity of the indictment was such that Senator West, the Republican floor leader, demanded the appointment of a joint committee of house and senate to make a thorough investigation of the charges. The resolution for the investigation will come up for action in the senate next Tuesday.

Senator Meck, before the State Association of Teachers last November, made the charge that certificates were being granted by members of the state board of examiners in return for employment as instructors at county teachers' institutes.

Mr. Meck, himself a school examiner, was called upon by School Commissioner Jones to prove this charge. He failed to appear at the inquiry, and his resignation was demanded. He refused to tender it.

Mr. Meck followed his first attack with a bill in the senate prohibiting state school examiners receiving compensation for lectures at institutes. It was upon his bill that he was speaking when the outburst came.

The climax was when he passed the middle aisle of the senate chamber waving an envelope above his head and shouted:

"I have found there is traffic in certificates for immoral purposes. I have evidence that will go in any court. I hold this affidavit signed, sworn to and attested by witnesses of an immoral proposal to a young lady applicant for a teacher's life certificate."

Again he charged that the school system in Ohio was ten years behind the times. Mr. Corson, former school commissioner and now a trustee of Ohio State university, he declared, was the school boss of Ohio, and at the head of a ring composed of Commissioner Jones, the latter's chief clerk, J. D. Snyder, the state school examiners, and 400 of the 26,000 teachers in the state. The schools were dominated, he asserted, by bars and rings. Mr. Meck said he didn't attend the investigation of the charges he had first made because he knew it would be a whitewash for the accused and mud would be thrown at him.

"I'll resign as school examiner and from the senate," he declared, "and pay $100 toward an investigation if it can be shown I was ever paid for institute work, as has been charged."

In the course of his speech Senator Meck said: "It was because of this ring that you people up in Toledo could not get a competent and experienced man for the head of your schools, and were compelled to take one from your own teaching force."

When he made his allusions to the Toledo schools, Senator Meck addressed Senator Lamb particularly, and later the Toledo senator explained that Meck did not have reference to the most recent appointment of Superintendent Van Cleve, of Toledo, but to the fight that resulted from the deposing of former Superintendent W. W. Chalmers.

MINERS ESCAPE DEATH

Forty Men Have Terrible Experience in Colliery.

Monongahela, Pa., Jan. 18. Miraculously escaping death by cremation or suffocation or being blown to pieces by an explosion, 40 miners employed in the Catsburg mine of the Monogahela River Consolidated Coal & Coke company made their way through the dark headings for a distance of seven miles and finally reached the open air.

Without lights to guide them and given up as dead, the men battled for five hours with fire, and when they reached the surface their faces were blackened, clothes torn and all were severely bruised from stumbling at nine flight for safety. Fortunately the mine contained very little gas or another mine disaster would have been recorded in western Pennsylvania.

The mine was fired some time during the day by a "blow out" shot and when the fire was discovered at nine o'clock last night by the 40 men, all escape to the surface through the Monongahela entry was shut off. Momentarily expecting an explosion with its horrible consequences the men started, panic-stricken, for the entry at Charleroi, seven miles away. In their frenzy they stumbled and fell but only to jump up again and continue their mad rush for safety.

WOMAN LEAPS TO DEATH

Hotel Guest Jumps From 13th Floor Window.

New York, Jan. 17.—Mrs. Herbert M. Sears, member of a wealthy Boston family, and a guest at the Hotel St. Regis, committed suicide today by jumping from a thirteenth-story window.

Mrs. Sears had been a frequent visitor at the St. Regis for several years. She always came to the hotel accompanied only by a maid and frequently remained there several days. Her actions were described by the hotel people as erratic and the maid always maintained a close watch over her mistress.

The body of Mrs. Sears fell on the roof of a four-story building adjoining the St. Regis, and the fall was heard by the residents of that building. Mrs. Sears left a note to her husband in the room in the hotel.

FOUR CHILDREN DROWNED

Break Through Thin Ice While Skating on Reservoir.

Indiana, Pa., Jan. 18.—Four children were drowned at noon today while skating on the reservoir at the Wharton Coal & Coke company's ovens at Coral, near here.

The children were with five companions on the dam, when they cut their way through the snow to a part of the reservoir near one of the feeders. At that point the ice was but one inch thick. Suddenly about fifteen square feet of the ice broke, and the little ones sank into the freezing waters. Their bodies were recovered an hour later.

ALCOHOL KILLS SAILORS

Three on Cruiser St. Louis Succumb to Poisonous Drink.

Vallejo, Cal., Jan. 18.—John Harf, of the cruiser St. Louis, died yesterday of wood alcohol surreptitiously taken. He is the third victim in a week to succumb to the poisonous drink. Two other sailors are blind from the same cause, and five others may never again be fit for active service. Harry Wilson and James T. Hayes are the other two blue-jackets who are dead from the drink.

Ten sailors procured the wood alcohol from a sort of cement, which they softened with water so that the alcohol floated to the top. They managed to get about two and a half gallons of the concoction, which they drank.

REJECT ALL BALLOON BIDS

Results of Bids Disappointing to U. S. Signal Service.

Washington, Jan. 18.—Because of the incompleteness of the specifications accompanying them, the signal office of the army has practically decided to reject all the proposals submitted yesterday for furnishing a dirigible balloon. The result of the bids is a disappointment to the signal service, as there is a strong desire on the part of that office to get under way the construction of the balloon. It is probable that further proposals will be asked for.

FOBAKER ADMITS DEFEAT

Only a Few Who Failed to Endorse Taft.

Cincinnati, O., Jan. 21.—Senator Foraker throws up the sponge. He admits the state convention will endorse Taft for the presidency. The senator will make no contest for delegates-at-large to the national convention.

Senator Foraker arrived home yesterday from Washington on business. He maintains that the call for the state convention is illegal and that, therefore, he will not take part in the selection of its delegates. After declaring that there had been no "overtures of peace," either to or by him, he said:

"So far as the state convention is concerned, I have not changed my opinion that the call for it is illegal and unjustly burdensome. On that account, as I have heretofore announced, I shall not make any effort to comply with its terms and conditions, nor will my friends make any such effort, except only as their local conditions may prompt them to do so.

"Of course, the delegates selected to the state convention will all be for Taft, for there will be no opposition. This does not apply, however, to the congressional district. They are not under the control of the state central committee, and are not bound by anything the state convention may do. Each district will elect its own delegates in its own way. What the districts may do remains to be seen."

The Whole State for Taft.

Columbus, O., Jan. 21.—As certain as anything can be in politics, Ohio's 46 delegates to the national Republican convention will be instructed for Taft.

This is the sentiment of the political leaders of the state, despite the insinuations in Senator Foraker's statement sent out from Cincinnati last night, that the district conventions are still to be heard from.

The action of nine county committees and the beginning of two suits to test the Bronson primary law are the political features of most interest today. A. I. Vorys, the Taft campaign manager, has issued the following statement:

"The Republican county committees in 78 of 88 counties of Ohio have called primaries for February 11, as directed by the Republican state committees. In six of the other ten counties the committees have provided for Taft tickets. In one, Ross, the committee has endorsed Taft and presented a Taft ticket, and will call a primary if found necessary. In one, Henry, the committee is to meet Jauary 23. Morrow and Warren, the last two counties to act, will call primaries. I believe all the delegates to the state convention will be for Secretary Taft for president."

REVOLUTION IN HAYTI

Men Return From Exile and Occupy a Town.

Port-Au-Prince, Hayti, Jan. 16.—The actual preparation of a revolutionary movement against the present government of Hayti took place yesterday and has, so far, been successful. An expedition composed of Haytiens who have been in exile, under command of Jean Juneau, effected a landing not far from Gonaives, 65 miles northwest of here, and occupied that town. The government is taking measures to resist the movement. Port-Au-Prince is calm.

Jean Juneau commanded a detachment of revolutionary troops during the movement of 1902 under the direction of Antenor Firmin.

CATHOLICS GAIN 798,093

Total Catholic Population Is 22,018,878.

Milwaukee, Wis., Jan. 20.—There are 13,877,426 Roman Catholics in the United States, according to the advance sheets of the 1908 Wiltzius Catholic directory, published in this city.

These figures show an increase of 798,093 over last year including the Catholic population of the Philippines which amounts to 7,106,452, adding the 1,000,000 Catholics of Porto Rico and the 35,000 Catholics of the Sandwich Islands, the entire Catholic population under the United States flag is 22,018,878.

As all figures are submitted to the directory publishers by the various archbishops and bishops, the total may be taken as a reliable estimate. A census has been taken in most of the archdioceses, and the very latest figures have been submitted.

PROF. EDW. STROBEL DEAD

American Was General Adviser of Government of Siam.

Bankok, Siam, Jan. 16.—Edward Henry Strobel, general adviser of the government of Siam, died yesterday after a lengthy illness, during which several surgical operations were performed. The death of Prof. Strobel at the present time is considered a great loss to Siam.

Edward Henry Strobel, Bemis professor of international law at Harvard, resigned from that chair in 1906, to assume a position permanently with the government of Siam as general adviser.

HOOKER'S WILL SET ASIDE

Had Named President Roosevelt as the Executor.

Rochester, N. Y., Jan. 15.—Surrogate Selden S. Brown has handed down a decision setting aside the will of the late Captain James H. Hooker, who died February 28, 1907, leaving all of his property, with the exception of $1,000 to his nephew, Frederick Benjamin, and $20,000, to the United States, to be used in the building of a military academy

STATE GETS THE FEES NOW

Oil Inspection Produces Revenue of $14,451.

Columbus, O., Jan. 18.—The annual report of W. L. Finley, state oil inspector, shows that during 1907 the department inspected 653,765 barrels of oil. Total collections were $33,066.25. The department expenses were $18,615.24, leaving a net revenue of $14,451 to the state, which formerly went to the inspectors under the old fee system. The inspector recommends amendment of the law so as to provide for inspection of gasoline as well as illuminating oil.

STOP OPIUM IMPORTATION

Law Goes Into Effect in Philippines in About a Month.

Washington, Jan. 16.—Within a little over a month's time the law prohibiting the importation of opium into the Philippines will become effective, and in anticipation of that important event there is much speculation among the Filipinos in regard to the probable effect of the law.

A large quantity of opium is consumed in the islands, mainly by the large Chinese element, but the baneful habit of opium smoking has been rapidly extending among the native Filipinos and even among the Americans.

BRYAN WILL BE NOMINATED

Statement of Champ Clark Evokes Applause in House.

Washington, Jan. 21.—The intention of the Democratic party to nominate William J. Bryan for president at the convention to be held in Denver in July next, was declared on the floor of the house of representatives by Representative Champ Clark, of Missouri, and evoked contined applause mingled with cheers. Some Republicans joined with the Democratic members in the hand clapping.

BANKERS FRAME BILL

Declare Aldrich and Fowler Measures Unsound.

Chicago, Jan. 20.—The resolutions committee of the curency commission of the American Bankers' association last night issued a full report of Saturday's meeting of the commission at which the various asset curency plans now before congress were discussed and rejected. The report summarizes the commission's objections to the Aldrich bill and to the present Fowler bill and then presents a bill in thirteen sections which the commission, with the backing of the association, will recommend to congress.

The Aldrich bill is declared to be "impracticable, unwise and financially unsound."

Would Unsettle Conditions.

The present Fowler bill, according to the report, "introduces schemes so far reaching in their scope and touching so many collateral interests not germane to the real solution of our currency difficulties that we believe its passage would unsettle, rather than improve financial conditions."

Six principal objections are urged against the Aldrich bill. It is asserted that the measure would overthrow "a safe system of note issues which has been enjoyed since the foundation of the United States system," and the proposed law is called a "step backwards to the conditions which gave rise to the 'wildcat' currency before the civil war."

It is also urged that the Aldrich bill would cripple the lending power of banks, in that it would take from the bank reserves $100,000 in lawful money in order that notes for $75,000 might be issued.

The solution proposed by the commission differs from the first Fowler bill which was based on principles approved by the convention of the American Bankers' association at Atlantic City, September 23, 1907, in that the holder of a credit note, instead of being a general creditor, shall have a prior lien on the assets of the issuing bank.

The security provided by pledging the whole of the assets of a bank, instead of only a portion of them, would afford more desirable protection to the note holders. It is also said that the adoption of the plan would insure "an ample supply of currency to the public; relief from the disturbed commercial conditions such as those through which we recently passed; and finally the certain retirement of the notes when they have fulfilled their purpose."

RAILROADS WIN SUITS

New Missouri Law Is Held to Be Unconstitutional.

Kansas City, Mo., Jan. 20.—Judge Smith McPherson, in the United States district court here today declared void and unconstitutional the statute passed by the Missouri legislature in 1907, forbidding foreign corporations from transferring suits brought against them from the state to the federal court upon pain of forfeiture of the charters. The application of the Rock Island, Santa Fe, the St. Louis, Kansas City & Colorado, the Milwaukee & St. Paul and the Chicago & Alton railway companies for an injunction to prevent John E. Swanger, secretary of state, from enforcing the law, was granted by the court.

HARRIMAN MUST ANSWER

Federal Judge Orders Him to Give Testimony.

New York, Jan. 16.—E. H. Harriman was directed, in a decision given by Judge Hough, in the United States circuit court today, to answer all questions propounded to him by the interstate commerce commission, except those relating to the purchase of Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railroad stock, in connection with the dividend of August, 1906.

Judge Hough also directed Otto H. Kahn, of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., to answer all questions asked him by the interstate commerce commission.

The questions to which Mr. Harriman objected related to the purchase of the stock of other railroads in the interest of the Union Pacific and to the Union Pacific dividend.

PRESIDENT IS CRITICISED

Havana Paper Says Cuban Paper Is Made Personal.

Havana, Jan. 16.—La Discuscion, the leading conservative organ in Havana, severely criticises President Roosevelt's letter fixing February 1, 1909, as the latest date for handing over the Cuban government government to the Cubans.

It says that the Cuban problem is reduced from an international question to one of personal relations between Cuba and President Roosevelt, who is merely concerned about the re-establishment of the republic before his own retirement in March.

THIS LOOKS LIKE FUSION.

Populists and Democrats to Meet at Same Time.

Lincoln, Neb., Jan. 16.—What is regarded as a direct bid for fusion was made last evening by the populist state central committee, which selected Omaha, March 5, as the place and date for the state convention, Democrats earlier in the day had named the same place and date for their convention.

The Populists by resolution declared for a separate organization. By vote it was declared the sense of the committee that delegates to the national convention at St. Louis support William J. Bryan as Populist nominee for President.

BANK IN RECEIVER'S HANDS

Officials Pay Out Over $900,000 in Quiet Run.

Dallas, Texas, Jan. 17.—The Western Bank and Trust Co., of Dallas, one of the largest savings deposit banks in Texas, has been placed in the hands of a receiver, Henry D. Lindsley, with instructions to administer the affairs of the institution for the interest of its creditors.

Officers of the bank declare that while on October 14, it was in the best condition in its history, a quiet run has prevailed since that time and to meet it, they have paid out over $900,000. After sacrificing all of their quick assets and finding the remainder hard to dispose of under present financial conditions, they decided to make an assignment.

MRS. METCALF IS RELEASED

Woman Who Shot at Chicago Attorney Secures Bail.

Chicago, Jan. 18.—Mrs. Thomas Metcalf, who shot at S. R. Hamil, one of John R. Walsh's attorneys, in the corridors of the federal building on Tuesday, was released from jail last night on bonds of $1,000, signed by her brother-in-law, Edward H. Miller, Terre Haute, Ind., and Harry Burgess, of Chicago.

SENATORS ARE ELECTED

Wettmore Chosen in Rhode Island, Williams in Miss.

Providence, R. I., Jan. 21.—Former United States Senator George Peabody Wettmore, of Newport, was elected to the United States senate on the first ballot cast in both branches of the general assembly here today, receiving a total of 68 votes. Colbert H. I. Goddard, of this city, the Democratic and Lincoln Republican nominee, was given a total of 46 votes, while Colonel Samuel P. Colt, of Bristol, received five votes.

Balloting in Kentucky.

Frankfort, Ky., Jan. 21.—The house of representatives, balloting separately today for United States senator, gave Beckham 47 and Bradley 48 votes with three scattering.

The senate's separate ballot for senator resulted: Beckham, 17; Bradley, 14; J. B. McCreary, 2; J. C. S. Blackburn, 1. The senate adjourned immediately after balloting.

Williams Is Elected.

Jackson, Miss., Jan. 21.—The legislature today elected John Sharp Williams to the United States senate.

ASK SUPPORT FOR HUGHES

Circular Letter Sent Out by His Backers.

New York, Jan. 15.—A circular letter calling upon every member of the New York committee to work in aid of the movement to make Governor Hughes the presidential nominee of the Republican party, was sent out yesterday by the Hughes committee of twenty-five recently appointed at a special meeting of the Republican club of the city of New York. The letter calls upon the members of the county commission to cast their votes at the next meeting of the county committee, to be held on January 16, in favor of the resolution endorsing Governor Hughes.

WILL REMAIN IN CABINET

Secretary Taft Declares He Will Not Resign Position.

Washington, Jan. 15.—Secretary Taft yesterday indicated that he would like to be quoted as saying that there is absolutely no foundation for the rumors that he is to resign from President Roosevelt's cabinet.

The printed story was to the effect that Secretary Taft would resign from the cabinet in the near future in order that he might devote his entire attention to his campaign for nomination as President.

WHOLE TOWN IS CAVING IN

Gaps Appear in Streets and Houses Are Vacated.

Minas de Riotinti, Spain, Jan. 16.—This town is threatened with complete destruction owing to the subsidence of the ground. Large gaps are visible in the principal streets and four hundred houses have been hastily evacuated. The sinking of the ground is believed to be due to the caving in of a portion of the copper mines.

AWARD PRIZES TO HEROES

Carnegie Commission Distributes Medals and Cash.

Pittsburg, Pa., Jan. 16.—The Carnegie hero commission, at its fourth annual meeting held here yesterday, awarded nine silver and seven bronze medals for acts of heroism, besides $10,050 in cash to the heroes or their dependents and monthly payments during life to two widows and their minor children. Ten other cases investigated since the October meeting were rejected as not being within the scope of the fund.

Most of the cases passed up on yesterday come from New England, where the special agents have been working since the last meeting.

TO TRY RUEF JAN. 28.

San Francisco, Jan. 21.—When the cases of Patrick Calhoun, Tirey L. Ford, Thornwell Mullally, Eugene M. Schmitz and Abraham Ruef, in connection with the alleged bribing of supervisors to grant a trolley franchise to the United Railways came up before Superior Judge Lawler yesterday, District Attorney Langdon asked that all the cases be continued until January 28, and announced that on that day he would proceed with the trial of Abraham Ruef.

$1,250,000 ON LAKE SCHOOL

Naval Training Station Being Pushed to Completion.

Washington, Jan. 21.—Information of progress in the construction of the naval training station of the great lakes, created for the training of naval militia and navy apprentices, was given yesterday to the house committee on naval affairs by Chief Engineer McKay. He said that of the $2,000,000 appropriated by congress for that purpose, $1,250,000 has been expended and that with the remaining $750.000 he expects to complete the station by the close of the fiscal year ending June 30, 1909.

TO ASCERTAIN BOUNDARY

Washington, Jan. 21.—Senator Heyburn, of Idaho, today introduced a bill to provide for the ascertainment of the true boundary line between Idaho and Washington.

THE WEEK IN CONGRESS.

Washington, Jan. 14.—Senate—The recent federal bond issue was again the subject for discussion in the senate today, being brought forward for a resolution offered by Senator Culberson, calling on the secretary for additional information concerning the reasons that induced him to award bonds to national banks instead of to individuals who offered a higher price. Mr. Aldrich insisted that the resolution should not be adopted until after Secretary Cortelyou's reply to a resolution formerly adopted by the senate was received, but promised to aid in securing additional information. Mr. Culberson's resolution went over under the rules. Senator Tillman offered a resolution embodying a new series of inquiries concerning the financial situation. After an executive session the senate adjourned.

House—The amount of fine and the length of the term of imprisonment to be meted out to the officers and directors of corporations for violating the law with respect to money contributions for political purposes furnished material for debate in the house today, in connection with the consideration of the penal code bill. All amendments to increase the penalty were voted down. Earlier in the day there was a sharp debate over the section prohibiting the enticing of artificers and workmen from government arsenals or armories by private employers, and all attempts to amend the provision so as to make it applicable only in time of war or public emergency were voted down. When adjournment was taken 86 sections of the 342 had been disposed of.

Washington, Jan. 15.—Senate.—The senate did not receive a reply today from the secretary of the treasury to its resolution calling for information concerning the financial situation, and in its absence Senator Aldrich assented to the passage of Senator Culberson's resolution on the same subject. A joint resolution reducing from $24,000,000 to $11,000,000 the war indemnity of the United States from China was passed. The remainder of the session was devoted to the discussion of the penal code bill.

House—The committee on revision of the laws finally consented today to allow amendments to the bill codifying the penal laws of the United States, and as a result the measure was changed in some important particulars. When the house adjourned there were pending a number of important amendments. The portions of the bill which attracted the most attention were those covering the giving and accepting of bribes by senators and members and the sale of indorsements or support for appointive public offices.

Washington, Jan. 16.—Senate—The senate calendar was cleared of nearly every bill upon it today, and the bill to revise the criminal laws of the United States was taken up and discussed until adjournment, which was taken until Monday.

House—A complete change of front was exhibited by the majority in the house of representatives today in the consideration of the bill to codify and revise the penal laws of the United States. The pacific spirit displayed by the committee on revision of laws, toward the close of yesterday's session, when it appeared as though the several amendments strengthening certain provisions of the bill regarding corruption in the appointment of persons to public offices would be adopted, vanished, and instead every inch of ground was fought over to keep amendments out of the bill. When the adjournment was taken at 4:06 o'clock only six additional pages had been disposed of and but one or two verbal amendments by the committee had been inserted.

THE MARKETS.

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Jan. 21.—Losses ranging from ½c to ¼c at the opening were made up within the first hour this morning. Opening ¼d higher, Liverpool gradually lost ground, and at 1:30 p. m. was ½d lower. High temperatures with lack of snow in the winter wheat belt is not thought advantageous to the growing crop. Shorts appeared to have covered yesterday. Traders expected a scalping market. Cash opened ¼c lower at $1.00, advancing ½c in the initial hour. May was ¾c lower in opening at $1.03. The noon price was $1.03⅝c. July was ⅝c lower at 99¼c, and during the first half hour went up to 99½c. September was off ¼c at 96⅛c.

Cash wheat at 12:20 p. m. was in good demand. In Argentina new wheat has been freely offered. The bulge at 12:49 p. m. was due to a purchase of Bartlett & Co. Primary receipts were heavy. Shipments also exceeded those of last year. Liverpool closed 3-10c lower. Toledo finals were: Cash $1.01, May $1.03¾, July 99¾c, September 97c.

Corn receipts, although heavy, were not up to the estimates. Soft weather is expected to retard the movement. Although ⅛d higher at the opening, Liverpool was ⅛d higher to ¼d lower at 1:30 p. m. May corn opened ⅛c higher at 61⅝c later going to 61½c. July was ¼c higher at 61¼c. At 60¾c, September was ¼c up.

Cash grain houses bought corn futures moderately. Good cash corn was steady. Liverpool closed ⅛d off to ¼d up. The local closes: Cash 56¼c, May 61¾c, July 61¼c, September 60⅜c.

Oats showed no variation from its usual inactivity. May was ⅛c above the previous close at 55c, both at the opening and during the morning. July was ⅛c higher at 49⅝c. Opening ⅛c higher at 40c. September dropped ¼c during the first hour.

Armour sold old May oats at 11:55 a. m. Bradstreet's world's available showed a smaller decrease than a year ago. The closes: Cash 53⅛c, May 54⅞c, July 49¾c, September 40c.

Clover seed weakened under selling. Cash and January were 5c lower at $10.67½. March opened 5c lower at $10.75 and during the first hour sank 2½c lower. April was 5c lower at $10.50.

Cash and January clover seed closed 12½c off at $10.60, March 15c down at $10.65, and April 10c lower at $10.45.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close—Jan. 21.	Close—Jan. 20.
Wheat—					
Cash	1.00	....	....	1.01	1.00¼
May	1.03	1.04	....	1.03⅞	1.03⅜
July	99¼	1.00⅛	....	99⅞	99⅝
Sept.	96½	....	....	97	96¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	....	....	56½	57
May	61⅝	....	....	61½	61¼
July	61¼	61⅜	....	61¼	61
Sept.	60⅜	....	....	60⅜	60½
Oats—					
Cash	....	....	....	53¼	53¼
May	55	....	....	54⅝	54⅜
July	49⅝	....	....	49¾	49½
Sept	40	....	39¾	40	39⅞
Clover Seed—					
Cash	10.67½	....	....	10.60	10.72½
Jan	10.67½	....	....	10.60	10.72½
March	10.75	....	....	10.65	10.80
April	10.50	....	....	10.45	10.55
Oct.	7.25	....	....	7.00	....
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	84½	84
No. 2	....	....	....	83½	83
No. 3	....	....	....	79½	79
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.25	2.20
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	10.20	10.20

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
May	1.02	1.03½	1.01¾	1.02⅝	1.02⅜
July	97¾	98¾	97⅝	98⅜	98
Sept.	94⅜	95¾	....	96¼	95
Corn—					
May	60¾	60¾	....	60½	60¼
July	59⅜	59½	59¼	59⅜	59½
Sept.	59	59½	....	59⅛	58¾
Oats—					
May (old)	54⅜	54⅝	54⅛	54⅜	54¼
May (new)	52⅜	....	....	52⅜	52⅜
July (old)	47⅛	47¾	47⅜	47½	47¼
July (new)	45⅝	45⅞	....	45⅝	....
Sept.	39⅝	....	....	39½	39⅝

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
May	1.09⅝	1.11	....	1.10⅜	1.10¼
Corn—					
May	69½	70⅛	....	70⅛	69½
July	....	....	....	68⅞	68¼

ST. LOUIS.

Wheat—					
May	1.01⅝	1.02⅝	....	1.02⅛	1.02
July	95	....	....	95⅞	95⅝

MINNEAPOLIS.

Wheat—					
May	....	....	....	1.10	1.09⅝
July	....	....	....	1.10½	1.10

DULUTH.